THE

COLUMBIAN PHENIX,

OR,

BOSTON REVIEW.

JULY, 1800.

THE CURATE OF ELMWOOD.

(Concluded from page 340.)

HE conducted her into his own apartment, and ſympathized with her in that ſtrain of humane politeneſs which is ever inſeparable from undebauched minds—after ſhe had compoſed herſelf, he diſtantly enquired (as if he had not known) into her buſineſs—this was exactly a repetition of Joe's narration—" I thank you Madam, ſaid he, for your politeneſs. You will ſee Lord C—— in about an hour; but previouſly I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not to be longer concealed from you —It is now one o'clock—exactly at ten——about three hours ago ——Lord C—— appointed me to the living you are come to ſolicit." This information in no degree ſtartled Julia, nor unruffled her features. She obſerved, that ſince her father had not been lucky enough to obtain the vicarage, ſhe was happy the appointment was beſtowed upon a man who reſembled him ſo much in his virtues,

At the time ſpecified Lord C. arrived. Julia was introduced to him by the Chaplain, and he ſent to his ſon for her letters. On reading them he confirmed what the Chaplain had mentioned.

He then turned to Julia, ſalut-

ed her with that virtuous freedom for which he was always remarkable, and fondly converſed with her about the moments he had ſpent with her father fifty years ago—he next inſiſted that ſhe ſhould ſtay with him two or three days; to which ſhe with the utmoſt difficulty aſſented, and of which ſhe informed her parent by letter. When the young Lord heard that Julia was to continue her viſit, he aſſumed ſome pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the Chaplain felt the force of the eyes of Julia! from the moment he firſt ſaw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core—the tears of a fine woman are more eloquent than the lip of Tully,

——Unſkilful they
Who dreſs the Queen of Love in wanton ſmiles;
Brighteſt ſhe ſhines amidſt a ſhow'r of tears:
The graces that adorn her beauty moſt
Are ſoftneſs, ſenſibility, and pity.

It was during the ſpace allotted for dinner, that the firſt mutual communication of tenderneſs took place between the Chaplain and his adored Julia: I ſay the ſpace *allotted* for dinner, as either party were too much abſorbed in the intereſts of the heart, to fulfil the demands of hunger—he had ſcarcely performed the firſt ceremonies of the table, by invoking the bleſſing of omnipotence upon the repaſt, ere he riveted his eyes upon the harmonized viſage of his beloved maid, who ſat, unconſcious of his adoration, in a ſtate half tranquilized; her delicate ſyſtem had not fully recovered the tone of calmneſs; ſhe even yet fluttered at the remembrance of the dangers ſhe had paſſed, and would have been more than ordinary depreſſed with awe had not the gentle old Peer, as ardently exerciſed the firſt principle of politeneſs, by reconciling her to her ſituation, through the medium of attention.

There are moments when it might be imagined that inviſible ſylphs were buoyant, to direct the ſtruggles of the ſoul, and cunningly lay open the ſecrets of the heart by an apparent accident, when the powers of language were denied by diſcretion, or withheld by terror: it was in one of thoſe important moments, when a recollection of the great ſervices which had been rendered her by the young divine, came full upon her mind; and as we are ſolicitous to contemplate what we eſteem, ſhe modeſtly lifted up her eyelids to regard her preſerver, who, perceiving her aim, collected ſuch a portion of fire into his viſion, that when the azure orbs of Julia came in a direct line with thoſe of the Chaplain, the lambent beam ſhot through her ſweet frame; confounded the dominion of her ſenſes, and encloſed her warm heart—ſhe felt the unuſual throbbing, and ſhrunk, like a ſenſitive plant, within herſelf, as wiſhing to hide what was unavoidable, from the obſervation of her aſſociates.

This occurrence emboldened her admirer to open the ſecond battery of his affection, by making the following requeſt: Ma—Ma—Madam will you do me the honor, to take a glaſs of wine?"

to this the gladdening Julia aſſented, by an inclination of her fair body; and while ſhe ſipped the roſy liquor, her cheek was more highly ſuffuſed with red, than the beverage ſhe as ſparingly imbibed—the trembling of her hand made the glaſs vibrate on her pearly teeth—ſhe panted with apprehenſion, yet looked with celeſtial benignity.

For thoſe coarſe and unenviable perſons, who have never known the bewitching influence of love, and its undeſcribable movements in the boſom, this recital can have no force: but with thoſe whoſe organization is more delicate, it will have ſome intereſt—each will conceive in the myſteries of feeling, what I am not able to delineate with my pen, and acquire a temporary gratification, by ſuppoſing all that Julia felt, in a novel embarraſſment ſo luxuriantly painful—the Chaplain was ſcarcely leſs confounded: he was agonized with the wiſh for an opportunity to be more explicit—the ſuppreſſion of thoſe declaratory ſentiments to the object of his pure regard, which were to determine the tendencies of his future life, created a pain within his heart, and twice a ſigh burſt from its core, and would have iſſued from his lips, if his correct judgment had not whiſpered, that it would be hazarding an emotion, in the preſence of a third perſon, which was not ſtrictly compatible with policy, and might be offending if not injurous to his delectable Julia.

It is on trials like theſe, that the accompliſhments ariſing from a refined education, can meliorate the powerful demands of inclination: and they are ſo highly profitable, that in proportion as we exerciſe ſelf-denial, we are but preparing the ſenſes for a richer banquet—it was not ordained that we ſhould make the overtures of love with a beſtial precipitation, and leap over that chain of progreſſive bliſſes, which emenate from the ſoft adminiſtration of ſympathy.

When the mere groſs pleaſure of the table had paſſed, and the Chaplain had fervently made his acknowledgments to the Almighty for his great bounty, the venerable Nobleman turned towards his gentle gueſt, with a mein fraught with the ſincereſt reſpect, and looking with ineffable kindneſs, aſked her how ſhe approved of the metropolis, as he underſtood that ſhe had never been in town before.—Julia replied, with ſome heſitation, that her knowledge of London, and indeed of ſociety in general was ſo very limited, that ſhe ſhould but expoſe her ignorance of both, and, perhaps, do a common wrong, by venturing her ideas upon a theme ſhe ſo ill underſtood—that ſhe had found ſome of the beſt axioms of theory overthrown by the practices of a buſy world, and that before ſhe preſumed to draw a final opinion, ſhe would endeavour to know more, as it were probable the baſer part of human nature, might be very inferior in numbers and influence to thoſe who were exemplary: at leaſt ſhe would indulge that hope, until conviction denied her ſuch a cheering privilege.

At the concluſion of the well-

managed feſtivities of the board, Lord C—— requeſted the Chaplain to ſhew his fair viſitant, the pictures in the gallery, which comprehended ſome of the moſt perfect performances of the ancient and modern maſters.

As no illuminated mind can conceive, nor pen expreſs, the delightful perturbation of the young eccleſiaſtic's heart, on receiving this injunction, I ſhall imitate *Apelles*, and paſs over what I cannot delineate—he modeſtly aroſe to convey his lovely charge to the promiſed ſcene of contemplation, and had led her to the door, when the benevolent Nobleman, arreſted their progreſs for a minute (and minutes in ſuch circumſtances are whole hours of delay) to exact a promiſe from Julia, that ſhe would uſe his houſe, as her peculiar home, until her buſineſs or wiſhes in the metropolis were fulfilled—Julia bowed aſſent to his hoſpitable deſire, and the parties gracefully receded from each other.

If there are any perſons ſo imperfectly initiated in the myſteries of love, as to believe that the fond twain amuſed themſelves with the divine conceptions of a Raphael; the grace of Corregio, or the majeſty of Michael Angelo, I pity their want of diſcernment—when the reader recollects that this was the firſt time that Julia had been alone with her young Chaplain, ſince her deliverance from the licentious fury of an *honorable* ruffian, he cannot be amazed, that *ſhe* ſhould feel the richeſt diſplay of the beſt artiſts abſorbed in the ſuperior merit of her preſerver, who was ſo nobly active in a ſituation, where few would have ventured to offer an opinion in favor of diſtreſſed virtue—ſuffice it to ſay, that the tender and unſophiſticated heart of Julia, was warmed in the ſurvey of her gallant and moral companion—ſhe heard his argument with attention, and eagerly gave him credit, even for advantages he did not poſſeſs—her cheeks were fluſhed with crimſon, whenever he preſſed her lily hand between his own, and ſhe ſtood confeſſedly the victim of her feeling, though her language was delicately chaſte, and her ideas unviſited by a licentious thought.

Oh! love, thou tyrant of the ſoul!—through what devious paths you often tread, to allure impaſſioned youth to woe—to draw "Hearts after you, tangled in amorous nets;" yet, for thy kindly influence here, ſhalt thou be forgiven—it is from the coincidence of ſuch events, that Hymen is enabled to maintain his dignity, and blend felicity with moral law.

Here I muſt neceſſarily abridge the hiſtory of three days, during which the moſt unreſerved communication of ſentiment was indulged between the enamoured couple—yet was the important event not divulged to Lord C——, and the only motive to this forbearance originated in Julia, who would not conſent to that particular meaſure, until her dear father had ratified the propoſal with his conſent—a ſpecial meſſenger was diſpatched to Elmwood, and the anſwer was auſpicious to their common deſire.

How ſupremely happy is that ſtate of truth, when mutual confidence is the reſult of mutual virtue—in what portion of his being, can the voluptuary derive an enjoyment, equal to thoſe ſenſations which ariſe when duty ſanctifies paſſion?—How weak are the argumeuts of the *Materialiſts*—how futile the ſubtilties of *Epicurus* and *Spinoſa*, when oppoſed to the force of thoſe emotions, which uplift the guiltleſs, and aſſuredly demonſtrate that we ſhall be rewarded in proportion as we are juſt—that our free agency is inſeparably connected with reſponſibility; and that to paſs through life ſafely, we muſt act wiſely, and to be bleſſed, we muſt be innocent.

When, by the indirect movements of chance, it came to the knowledge of Lord C——, that his ſon had behaved with diſreſpect towards the pure daughter of his old friend, he manifeſted emotions of ſurpriſe and indignation; and ordered that he ſhould be acquainted with the return of his ſon, in the inſtant that he arrived—thoſe orders had not been delivered many hours before his arrival was announced—he commanded him into his preſence, and with an air of parental dignity, addreſſed him thus: "My Son, for ſuch I am *compelled* to believe you are, I require you to tell me, upon what principle *you think* our reciprocal duties are to be maintained towards each other?"—"This queſtion, my Lord, is ſo very ſingular and unexpected, that I ſcarcely know how to frame an anſwer, adequate to your deſires."—"Why then, Sir, I will relieve you ſtom this embarraſsment, and inform you, it is *Juſtice*;"—"Certainly, my Lord." "Then, as you admit the principle, give me leave to aſk you, if you hold it as juſt, that the powerful ſhould oppreſs the defenceleſs?" "Aſſuredly not, my Lord." "Perhaps you will not conſider it as unreaſonable, that the aggreſſion ſhould be expiated by puniſhment?"—"To what do all theſe unuſual queſtions tend? you appear to me, my Lord, to be drawing me into a ſtate of reſponſibility in which I am not intereſted." "Indeed you are, Sir; and intereſted in a very great degree."—"How, my Lord?"—"I will tell you Sir: you have had the meanneſs and the audacity to inſult an amiable young lady, under my roof, and I inſiſt that you immediately write her a letter of atonement, and aſk her forgiveneſs." "My Lord, you may have been miſinformed in this matter; give me permiſſion to explain the circumſtances."—"I underſtand ſo much of the truth already, Sir, that an explanation may increaſe, but cannot do away your diſhonor, ſo, without any heſitation, take up the pen, and write to the lady what I ſhall dictate."—"You will recollect, my Lord, that Julia is not my equal."—"According to the laws of politeneſs, Sir, every woman is every man's ſuperior; and agreeably to the laws of morality, ſhe is an angel, and you are a——but I will not be unneceſſarily harſh in ſentiment; ſo inſtantaneouſly write."—with a heart overcharged with mortification, almoſt to burſting, the *con-*

orable offender ſat down, and, with a trembling hand, indicted the following epiſtle, from the words of Lord C——

'Madam,

'IT duly becomes me, as the guardian of my own honor, to implore forgiveneſs, for an error committed during the ſuſpenſion of my reaſon; I vainly imagined that the advantages reſulting from high birth, youth and fortune, could compenſate for the want of virtue; but my reflection has tutored me otherwiſe; I am now ſo thoroughly convinced of my own unworthineſs, that I cannot be happy if you withhold your pardon—the purity of your own nature, and the truth you have imbibed from the education of ſo good a man as your father, will ſuggeſt that all are not to be abandoned who are faulty, and that thoſe who forgive moſt, the more nearly reſemble heaven.—With the deepeſt contrition, and the moſt ardent hope, I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble ſervant,

CHARLES C——.'

While the venerable old Peer was in the act of preparation to ſeal and ſubſcribe this letter, in order that it might be ſent to Julia, the Curate entered, but, in ſeeing the object of his recent reſentment, he was going to retire, under the apprehenſion that he might be tranſacting ſome private buſineſs with his father,—"Stop, Sir, (ſaid the old nobleman,) I want you to be witneſs to an act of retribution; read this letter, and then inform me if the apology is proportioned to the offence." The manly eccleſiaſtic peruſed the epiſtle with a mixture of pleaſure and aſtoniſhment, and when he had concluded, approached the young gentleman with an air of ineffable kindneſs; and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, how happy would it be for human-kind, if all tranſgreſſions were thus underſtood, and thus obliterated. "You muſt not be amazed my Lord, (added he, turning to his patron) if I feel ſenſations nearly approaching to ecſtaſy, on this theme, as the object of this letter has conſented to be my wife."—"Your wife!" ejaculated both in the ſame inſtant! "It is even ſo, (rejoined the worthy Curate) provided your Lordſhip has no objection to the union." So far am I, Sir, from diſapproving your choice, that I muſt inſtantly go and give the bride elect joy; and you my ſon, ſhall go too, and prove, by your preſent demeanor, that you are aſhamed of the paſt: this is a duty that all will fulfil with cheerfulneſs: When virtue is rewarded all that think ſhould rejoice."

Here let the reader ponder upon the undeſcribable emotions, which played about the ſuſceptible heart of Julia, from the momentous period that ſhe was left with the Curate, until ſhe was congratulated on their return from the altar, by the man who attempted to deſtroy her dignity and peace—but it was a chain of events ſo diverſified and ſo luxuriant, that no vulgar mind can accompany the progreſſion. When a man of honor ſolicits the hand of a woman of virtue, the

god of marriage aſſumes a nobler port than uſual, and charms with a reflected grace—then his fetters are owned to be ſilken, and his influence derived from heaven.

A HISTORY OF A VOYAGE TO THE COAST OF AFRICA,

and TRAVELS into the Interior of that Country; containing particular Deſcriptions of the Climate and Inhabitants, and intereſting particulars concerning the Slave trade. By JOSEPH HAWKINS, *formerly of New-York.*

(Continued from page 329.)

HAVING choſen our lodgment, and kindled our fires, we ſupped as uſual; I determined to keep the firſt watch; Hurdee had lain down to ſleep, and I was parading cloſe to the fire, when Hurdee, who had heard the ſound of ſteps on the ground, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and ran to his gun: I directed him not to fire but at my order, and ſhould I fire, not to diſcharge his piece, till I ſhould have loaded. We could hear the trampling of a ſoft foot, and the ruſtling of the buſhes cloſe on our left, but could not determine whether it proceeded from man or beaſt. We were ſoon ſatisfied however that it was our morning viſitor, whom we could ſee croſſing and recroſſing an opening in our front, where the fire was low: we therefore renewed our fire, and threw ſeveral pieces of the lighting wood in the track of the animal, who we found retreated, ſnorting and growling. Finding ourſelves thus ſucceſsful, we kept our fires alternately well lighted, and obtained a troubled ſleep, but ſufficient for a moderate refreſhment.

In the morning we purſued our route rather to the eaſtward, the mountain ſide bending off in that direction. The morning ſun ſhined extremely hot through the thickets, and we could diſcern a variety of wild animals, ſuch as I had never ſeen before; the monkeys were very numerous, and ſeveral leopards beautifully ſpotted paſſed us affrighted, moſtly in pairs.

About noon we had gained higher ground, the woods grew thinner, and we had an occaſional proſpect of an open, but mountaineous tract of country, extremely romantic, but dreary in the diſtant appearance. We loitered through the heat of the day in a ſhady ravine or glen, worn thro' rocks and ſands by ſtreams from ſprings in the boſom of the mountain; here we enjoyed the pleaſure of bathing, and an agreeable repaſt of wild fruits.

The courſe that we had hitherto purſued was tedious, and tho' not deſtitute of pleaſures, was fatiguing, and attended with danger. We had calculated the diſtance we had come as well as we could, and concluded that we muſt not be far from the Little

Congo river; we determined to follow the courſe of the ravine, to the place into which the water diſcharged itſelf; often were we on the verge of retracing the path we had come up to the ſummit, the fatigue was ſo exceſſive, and the heat which reflected from the rocks and a chalky loam on the ſides of the ravine became intolerable; it became neceſſary to take up our nights reſt in this glen where we reſted well, but with our fires as uſual.

Early in the morning we purſued our route downwards: the deſcent became leſs ſteep, and the water accumulating, gradually formed a deep rivulet. About ten o'clock we had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the winding of a beautiful little river, flowing with gentleneſs along the ſkirts of the hills. We concluded it muſt fall into the Congo, and accordingly reſolved to conſtruct a raft to croſs. After ſome labor we effected our purpoſe, and gained the oppoſite bank about eight miles down. Here we could perceive the track of human feet; we, in conſequence, determined to change our courſe directly S. E. through the champaign lands, and to keep the ſhade, which was but light, conſiſting of trees, thinly ſcattered and of ſlender growth, interſperſed with a tree like the wild date. and the palm tree in great variety. About five o'clock, when we had walked about an hour and a half after dinner, we came unexpectedly upon a town of the natives. The huts ſtood ſcattered irregularly in our front, and the appearance of fallow land ſtretched off contiguous to them on the right and rear. Fortunately, the village was deſerted, but we could obſerve on an open elevation the ſmoke of domeſtic fires at the duſk of evening, a conſiderable way to the eaſtward. We were obliged once more, with reluctance, to ſeek the woods to the ſouthward of us; and encamped that night amid the horrors of the deſart the roaring of the tyger, and other beaſts that haunt the neighbourhood of the innocent ſavage.

We ſlept none this night! Its horrors are ſtill awake in my memory, and I ſhudder when I recal them; our fires appeared ſcarcely ſufficient for our protection. We heard the ſtep of the heavy breathing tyger, his horrid, broken, panting aſpiration: this with the thrilling ſcreams of the jackall, the yell of the wild dog, and the ruſtling of the leaves and branches, on ſeveral ſides, kept us in a ſtate of terror that cannot be conceived, but by thoſe who have experienced ſuch ſituations, and ſeen the glaring eyes of the moſt ferocious animals rolling within a few paces, and ready to pounce upon and tear the trembling victim to a thouſand pieces.

Thinking it beſt, when day joyfully broke in upon us, to quit this neighbourhood, where the vacated village already pointed out a warning that we had neglected, of the dangerous courſe we were purſuing; we determined to prefer the riſque of expoſure to our own ſpecies, than to the monſters of the wood, and again bent our courſe to the eaſtward.—About 11 o'clock, we were ſur-

priſed by two of the natives, armed with bows and arrows, apparently hunting. A half ſcream expreſſed the firſt emotions of their ſurpriſe; our confuſion was no leſs extreme, perhaps it was more ſo.—They retired ſoftly to ſome diſtance, and immediately ran away with infinite ſpeed, and we ſoon loſt ſight of them.

My perturbation may be conceived. I revolved paſt, preſent, and future, with the rapid glance of regret and apprehenſion: Hurdee, too, was loſt in reflection; but ſoon collected himſelf, and endeavoured to cheer me. We lamented that we had not kept the margin of the great river, where our dangers could not have been greater than they now were; and that our journey could not be many days longer. I ſaw the abſurdity of this afterwiſdom; but it tended to rouſe me. Hurdee could not diſtinguiſh of what nation they were: he ſuppoſed they might be of the Ebo country, but they alſo reſembled natives of the Galla, from which we could not be very diſtant. If they were of the former, we might deem ourſelves ſecure; if the latter, there was ſome danger: we concluded it to be ſafeſt to get out of their way. Hurdee ſuggeſted that their ſurpriſe was principally excited by the ſight of a white man; and that curioſity, as well as other motives, might tempt them to follow us with a large body of men.—We made for the adjacent hills, and as we aſcended them, could obſerve a numerous body of the natives purſuing the courſe we had taken: we accordingly changed our courſe from the S. E. to the N. E. and rather ran than walked.

We had to croſs a mountain, and after labouring to its ſummit, we became expoſed from the want of cover, there being little elſe of vegetation but a light herbage and bruſh wood. We viewed them from an elevated ground as they croſſed open patches, and then crept on our hands and knees, and crouched behind cluſters of the thicket to prevent diſcovery.

From the different views we had of them, we eſtimated them at about three hundred in number: they were armed with clubs, lances, bows and arrows, and kept their uſual order of battle in a very compact body. Hurdee now ſeemed ſatisfied that they were of the Galla nation, and he was certain we muſt be the objects of their purſuit.

We reſolved to keep them in view, and watch till they ſhould encamp, when we might take advantage of the night to countermarch them: we did ſo, and embraced the cover of the night to return to our former courſe, direct to the eaſtward.

This whole night we travelled without ceaſing, under conſtant alarm from the roaring of wild beaſts. The night was exceſſive dark, and we could not diſcern any objects at a great diſtance. I drew the charge from one of my piſtols, and when we heard a ruſtling among the buſhes near us, burned priming, as the only expedient we could deviſe beſide firing ſhot, which we would not

do, leſt we ſhould alarm our purſuers.

About day break my companion trod upon a ſmall green ſnake, which bit his right leg cloſe to the outer ankle. I was much alarmed; but he very cooly took ſome of the root out of his pouch, and chewed it as the good old African had before done; the juice of the root was white like milk, but on applying it to the wound it changed to a yellow, diſagreeable colour: having repeatedly applied it until the juice was no longer diſcoloured, he tied a bandage round it, and we purſued our route, happy that he had eſcaped ſo well.

This root I have repeatedly ſeen; but from a neglect of concerns leſs important for the time, I unfortunately did not bring it with me. The loſs of my ſight would prevent me from knowing it, ſhould it be common in our country; which I think probable, as the American Indians ſay they poſſeſs the knowledge of a ſimilar powerful antidote. This root appears to me as acting upon the poiſon by decompoſing it by ſome peculiar quality of its own juice. It is certain that the poiſon does not remain in the wound, and from the colour of the juice being changed, I ſuppoſe it muſt be by a decompoſition of the conſtitutent parts; for a change in its properties and appearance is certainly effected*

Hunger, which we had diſregarded in the moments of terror, now came on with the utmoſt force; and our dried beef and other proviſions growing ſhort, it was neceſſary that we ſhould ſeek for ſome freſh proviſions. We were not ſufficiently remote from the Galla men to truſt to our fire arms; but Hurdee being expert with his bow and arrows, we reſolved to uſe them and ſpare our powder and ſhot.

He accordingly let fly at the firſt animal we met, and it fell, we could find no wound but a ſlight one in the leg. We collected wood, made a fire, and were about to dreſs our prey, when, lo! it diſappeared. We were about to go in ſearch of ſome other animals, when we found it ruſtling in the buſhes, and ſoon retook it. In ſhape and colour it reſembled the Opoſſum, except that it had no pouch or falſe belly; the hair alſo was much ſhorter— however,

* A diſcovery was made a few years ago in the Eaſt Indies, by a phyſician that the Eau de Luce, commonly uſed as a reſtorative, by perſons of a nervous habit, is a ſovereign antidote to the poiſon of the moſt venomous reptile. A variety of caſes, in which it was tried and found to baffle the poiſon of the Couvre Capelle of India, and that of the deadly brown adder, have been publiſhed in the Aſiatic Reſearches. A table ſpoonful has been found ſufficient: it is taken internally and applied externally with as little loſs of time as poſſible. This it is probable, acted by the volat. alk. which is its chief ingredient, neutralizing the virulence of the poiſon.—Might not the vegetable alkaline principle exiſt in the juice of our antidote above in a ſtate either detached or eaſily ſeparable, ſo as to neutralize the matter of poiſon in a ſimilar manner? This is merely conjecture, but may be well worthy the further attention of medical men; for if found juſt, nothing more will be found neceſſary to cure the bite of a ſnake, than the application of a little pot-aſh.

when dreſſed, it taſted deliciouſly; and after breakfaſt, for the firſt time, we lay down to ſleep.

We awoke about ten o'clock, tolerably refreſhed; and having yet to paſs a mountain which we hoped would be the laſt, we judged it prudent to keep on the verge of the woods, between that and the top of the aſcent. About 4 o'clock we diſcovered fires at a diſtance, and veſtiges of population in the pathways, which interſected each other, and appeared newly trodden. The appearances of population to the northward were very diſtinguiſhable; and therefore, apprehending that we approached ſome of thoſe numerous nations, that conſtantly inhabit the luxurious countries in the neighbourhood of the Congo river, near its ſources, and the charming vallies at the feet of the Galla mountains on the ſouth and eaſtern ſides; we determined to be circumſpect, and proceed by eaſy journies, to avoid falling into the hands of either of them.

Night was approaching faſt, we had deſcended the mountain towards the Eaſt, ſomewhat ſouthwardly, and the ſun was already hidden from us by the heights we had paſſed, which threw their ſhadows over the beautiful vallies that we could juſt diſtinguiſh, expanded to a boundleſs diſtance before us. We determined to proceed ſlowly towards the low country, and repoſe once more ſecure from the terror of the foreſt; to view the country the next day, and to take ſuch ſteps as might be moſt likely to enſure our ſafe arrival, now that we could not be remote from the place of deſtination.

A few monkies, whoſe chattering was no longer deemed an annoyance, after our acquaintance with ſounds ſo chilling and terrific, were our only diſturbers during the night; we ſlept peaceably, and roſe with the dawn.

Having agreed to reconnoitre the country before we ſhould proceed, we made a kind of feſtival of this charming morning. We unpacked our powder, and repacked our flints and trinkets; we cleaned our arms, and by the time we had partaken of a plentiful breakfaſt, the ſides of the green hills and plains beneath us were diſcloſed to our view by the opening ſun, in a ſtyle of verdure and beauty truly delighting. The light ſhades of the ſloping hill on the north-eaſtern aſpect, contraſted by the duſky hue of the vallies, on the ſouthern and weſtern ſides; and the irregularity of the ſhades caſt by the profile of the more elevated hills, on the plains ſcattered through the winding vallies, gradually deſcending, and the whole proſpect vividly brightening without miſt or cloud in the horizon, altogether exhibited a ſcene of ſerene grandeur that warmed my heart, and made me almoſt forget the inconveniences I had ſuſtained.

The country was thickly peopled, the marks of cultivation were viſible on the ſides of the declining plains, and on the level; but no river could be ſeen. We conſidered it, however, as at no great diſtance, and reſolved to paſs the day as a time of reſt, and to purſue our journey under

the protection of night, to avoid diſcovery, until we ſhould judge that we had gained the country of the Ebo King.

After a pleaſant dinner, we went to repoſe, preparatory for the night's travel, we awoke about ſun-ſet, immediately deſcended to the valley, and ſet forward ; we continued this courſe for four nights, frequently meeting with ſettlements, and changing our courſe through the neareſt woods to avoid the haunts of men ; living upon cold proviſions, or the fruits which we gathered in abundance as we paſſed along.

The country we had now gained was once more apparently very fertile, and watered with little rivulets, which promiſed us the pleaſure of ſpeedily gaining the banks of that river for which we had long looked with aching eyes. On the morning of the fifth day, before ſun-riſe, we reached the bank, and were fortunate enough to find means to paſs it without difficulty or danger ; now we conſidered ourſelves, as a mariner after a long voyage, arrived at the deſtined port.

The paths from the river were no longer objects to be ſhunned, we purſued that which appeared to be the greateſt ; and about nine o'clock we entered a handſome village.

Our appearance alarmed the inhabitants, who fled from their huts, and collected in conſiderable numbers, with their ſimple arms in their hands. Hurdee, whoſe countenance lighted up with pleaſure, ſeeing they were friends, gave his gun to me, and made the uſual ſignal of peace, by ſheathing his arrows, and hanging his bow over his ſhoulders. They then approached near us, and he delivered to them his bow and knife, telling them we were on our way from the Congo to the Ebo King to trade, on which they returned his knife and bow, and told him we were welcome, and ſhould be well received.

I propoſed delivering my arms likewiſe, but Hurdee adviſed me not, thinking that as they were very ſcarce in that country, and conſequently highly valuable, they might be prompted to detain them.

The eaſe and good humour with which we were received was to me moſt conſolitary, and I took it to be a moſt flattering preſage of the ſucceſs to attend our laborious and dangerous enterprize.—We were conducted into one of their houſes, or huts, compoſed of ſlight timbers or branches ſunk into the earth, or in an artificial bank of earth raiſed about a foot above the ordinary level of the ſcite of the village. The tops of the huts are round, or dome like, formed very rudely into that ſhape, by bending the tops of the branches towards the centre, and there tying them with ſlender ſaplings to each other. The broad and fan-like branches of the palm and date tree, tied by their ſtems on the outſide, and the points downwards, from their covering or thatch. Repeated layers of theſe materials, are further uſed to defend theſe humble habitations from the moſt ſevere rains ; and

as the domeſtic offices of cookery, and their rude handicraft works are performed in the open air, or in the ſhade of branching trees, which here are never diſrobed of their foliage, their ſmall dwellings are not incommoded by this ſort of family buſineſs. The inſects ſo troubleſome in warm countries, eſpecially adjacent to woods or low grounds, are kept aloof by the inartificial expedient of a thick ſmoke, produced by fires kept conſtantly lighted, and compoſed of the dung of their cattle, or a compoſition of leaves of trees or reeds and rotten timber kept in a ſtate of moiſture.

Theſe artificial clouds had not yet diſſipated in my new habitation, and the effect on my eyes, was conſiderably painful : thro' my friend Hurdee's care was taken to eaſe me on that head, and a repaſt was ſoon ſerved up, of which we partook with minds and appetites that converted the habitation of the ſavage into a palace and gave a reliſh to the food equal to that enjoyed by the luxurious. Seated on the floor, on ſkins and mats ſpread for us, we feaſted on freſh beef and ears of maize roaſted, and for deſſert on the fineſt bannanas : our drink was new milk and palm wine.

The people had caught the information on all ſides, of the arrival of one of thoſe extraordinary animals, a white man, and all thronged, eager as it appeared to diſcover whether it reſembled the men or the monkies of their country ; for ſuch it appeared were the compariſons they made, and in a manner, as I afterwards underſtood, no wiſe flattering to the pride of a fair ſkin.

The women appear among the Africans to be endowed with the ſexual attribute of curioſity, in common with thoſe of all other colours and countries : they thronged foremoſt around me, and ſo crouded, that I found it neceſſary, for the ſake of air, and to gratify curioſity at once, to walk abroad. The children looked with wonder, and the women according to their age or temper, tittered, roared out in laughter, or claſped their hands, as they were affected. Some opened my hair, others examined my jacket and trowſers ; my ſleeve buttons amuſed one, and the frill of my ſhirt another, my hair, which had by their curioſity or accident become looſe, was the object of admiration to all.

Their familiarity ſurpriſed me for a time ; but reflecting that it muſt be the natural conſequence of innocent curioſity excited by novelty, I returned their freedom with good humour, and found that they were pleaſed with my manner of treating them.

Fatigued with the previous travel, and tired with trifling, I ſignified to Hurdee my wiſh of retiring to reſt : he accordingly informed the villagers, and we were ſoon left alone. After this we partook of a ſecond repaſt, conſiſting of boiled rice, mutton, and palm wine, and agreeing to ſet out for the reſidence of the Ebo King on the morrow, retired to a comfortable and ſecure repoſe.

(To be continued.)

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

THE GENTLEMAN AT LARGE. No. IV.

THERE is no one, for whom novelty has not ſome charms. So imperfect is man, that he cannot be, for a long time, delighted with the ſame object, however it may have once dazzled his imagination, and taken hold of his heart. We find this attachment for variety to be quite univerſal. The Epicure, by having a turtle ſoup placed before him every day would ſoon loath his favourite diſh; and the diverſions of the man of pleaſure, to which he has the moſt extravagant partiality, by a conſtant indulgence in them, would ceaſe to divert, and would loſe all power of recreation.

This ſame propenſity for a ſucceſſion of new objects is no leſs diſcoverable in the lovers of literature. The diverſity in the manner of different authors of treating the ſame ſubject, ſerves to keep the mind from falling into that diſguſt which is the effect of too much familiarity. I have not gone far enough into the philoſophy of human nature to be able to tell the *cauſe* of this impatience after variety. Obſervation and experience however convince, me that *it is ſo*,

In order to obtain for my readers that gratification which is afforded in *variety*, I have been long ſoliciting a gentleman of literary genius to lend me occaſional aſſiſtance. After many violated promiſes he has at length favoured me with an eſſay upon *Taſte*, which adorns the preſent number. In this eſſay his obſervations are very general. He has merely attempted a *definition* of that, which, in his ſubſequent papers, he intends to illuſtrate. His writings, from their purity and elegance, will, I aſſure myſelf, be eſteemed a valuable acquiſition to the GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

Perhaps I ſhall never have a better opportunity of informing my readers, that the papers of our new author will be deſignated by the letter P. and that, in future I ſhall mark my own lucubrations with the letter K.

Deguſtibus non eſt diſputandum.
——credat Indeus Apella.
Non ego—— HORACE.

THE term *taſte*, has always been regarded as incapable of definition. Various have been the conjectures with regard to the operation of this ſubtle quality, and the effects which it produces. Lord Kaims is very diffuſe on the ſubject of its effects, and uncommonly accurate in his remarks and obſervations—but his definition is altogether unſatisfactory. Dr. Blair has treated largely on the ſubject, but his definition leaves the mind totally uninformed. Mr. Burke, with a genius infinitely ſuperior to either, has avoided a definition, though his remarks do honour even to the pen which produced them.

It is not much to the reputation of the learned world, that ſo many treatiſes ſhould have been

written upon a ſubject, which the writers themſelves do not pretend to define. There muſt be ſome definite idea annexed to the word *taſte*; otherwiſe all obſervations upon it will be vain. If we diſcourſe upon a ſubject which we declare ourſelves incapable of defining, all that we can ſay will produce nothing but conjecture and uncertainty in the mind, and the only recompence which the reader can receive from ſuch a wild ſpeculation, is doubt and perplexity.

There is, certainly, a plain rule, capable of definition, contained in the term *taſte*, or elſe it were impoſſible to judge of the merit of thoſe compoſitions of genius, which cannot be tried by any other ſtandard. "'Tis ſomething or nothing." I am aware of the boldneſs and preſumption that may be aſcribed to me for undertaking to define what writers of ſo much genius and eminence have pronounced undefinable. Feeble, however, as my exertions may be, they may give employment to abler pens than mine. The waters of literature may ſtagnate and corrupt unleſs they are diſturbed, when perhaps the motion of a fly on their ſurface, may preſerve them from putrefaction.

Without further preface, then, I would define *taſte* to be *the preſervation of that conſiſtency and uniformity in the moral, which is obſerved in the natural world.* I merely intend this number as an explanation of the above definition, reſerving it for future numbers to cite inſtances, and to ſhew how this definition will apply in all caſes. When we caſt our eyes around us, we behold nature governed by certain fixed laws and immutable regulations. Spring covers the earth with tender plants, Summer advances them towards maturity, Autumn ſwells and ripens the bloſſoms into fruit, and Winter throws a ſcene of deſolation over them all.

Theſe are the eternal laws of nature, founded by her great and mighty parent. We are acquainted thus far with her operations. and ſhould any man endeavour to perſuade us that we are in an error, we ſhould regard him as a madman. The ſame principle of regularity may be obſerved throughout the whole phyſical ſyſtem. A cloud no where irradiates the earth with illumination, or the ſun darken it with obſcurity. This is the fine œconomy of nature, her wiſdom is ſeen in her conſiſtency, and her beauty is but another name for her regularity.

The moral world is that ideal creation which is formed in the fancy, and exiſts in the imagination; but then it muſt be regulated by the ſame rules of conſiſtency which govern the natural univerſe. The poet, the orator, and the painter, are obliged to conform the images of their own invention to the objects of real life. The facetious Horace deſires to know if a painter ſhould repreſent the head of a horſe joined to a human baſe and terminating in the tail of a fiſh, whether we ſhould be able to repreſs our laughter and deriſion? Undoubtedly we ſhould not; and the reaſon is obvious becauſe the

natural world never furniſhed ſuch a phenomenon. It is the diſſimilarity which the image bears to nature which makes it ridiculous and intolerable.

A claſſmate of mine, at college, once made uſe of this expreſſion, "*America will ſoon* ERADICATE *all clouds of ſuperſtition.*" Here the verb *eradicate* is an evident abſurdity; as the greateſt natural philoſopher has never been able to diſcover clouds vegetating in a garden. Any one whoſe head is not iron bound, may inſtantly ſee the impropriety of this figure; but many ſcholars may not be able to explain the *reaſon* of its impropriety. In a word, the moral world is inhabited not only by the ſcholar, but likewiſe by the ſavage of the foreſt. Theſpeeches of the native Indians of North America, replete with figures, and metaphorical alluſions amply verify this obſervation.

The moral world has its ſun, and its ſtars, its rivulets, its caſcades, its mountains and its vallies, in exact conformity to the natural creation. At the ſame time it muſt be obſerved that the ſun muſt ſhine and the ſtars glitter, the rivulets murmur and the caſcades roar, ; the mountains riſe, and the vallies ſink, agreeable to the laws of the phyſical word.

This is all which the term *taſte* can be ſaid to comprehend. In ſome future number I ſhall endeavour to go into a detail of this definition; and to ſhew from the moſt ingenious and elegant authors, ancient and modern, the truth of its application. P.

MACKLIN's CHARACTER OF GARRICK.

Copied verbatim from his Manuſcript.

HIS eye was dark, but not characteriſtic of any paſſion but the fierce and the lively. To friendſhip with man, or love and friendſhip with woman, he never was diſpoſed; for love of himſelf always forbad it. Envy was his torment—ever dreading merit in the loweſt of his brethren, and pining at the applauſe and fortune that their labours procured them.

He had a narrow contracted mind, bounded on one ſide by ſuſpicion, by envy on the other, by avarice in the front, and pale fear in the rear, with ſelf in the centre. Out of theſe limits he never expatiated, unleſs fear and oſtentation exerted their functions conjointly.

He could never enjoy the convivial felicities and ſociety, eſpecially with thoſe perſons who were moſt capable of taſting, contributing, and adminiſtering the unreſerved, undeſigning, free inquiries of improved ingenuous minds. He had read and heard that the more refined and thinking minds of all ages had a particular pleaſure in the mental in-

tercourſe of the ingenious few. Of this cuſtom he was reſolved to avail himſelf;—but it was juſt as a hypocrite avails himſelf of religion, by oſtentation and impoſture—for he herded conſtantly with wits, and was, in letters, a profeſſed tartuffe to all.

He had a hackneyed kind of metaphorical, theatrical, tinſelled phraſeology, made out of tags and ends, quotations and imitations of our Engliſh poets, and, indeed, from the Greek and Latin authors, as often as his memory ſerved him with the ſcraps and mottos it had quaintly picked up; for he knew no book of antiquity, nor, indeed, of modern note,—Prior, La Fontaine, Swift's poetry, and a few more of that kind, excepted; theſe he conſtantly imitated, plundered, diſguiſed, and frittered into occaſional prologues, epilogues, and complimentary poems upon parrots, lapdogs, monkeys, birds, growing wits, patrons, and ladies. But what he moſt excelled in, was, in writing epigrams and ſhort poems in praiſe of himſelf and his productions, and in defamation of a rival actor, or of any of thoſe poor people of the ſtage whom he wiſhed to be unpopular. With ſuch ſhreds and patches he conſtantly fed the daily papers, the reviews, and magazines.—Each of his aſſociate wits had a peculiar quaintneſs of phraſe and greeting: ſuch as—"My ſprig of Parnaſſus, let me pour my incenſe!" ——

He laboured for private eſteem, but always in vain! Fear, envy, and avarice were ſeen even in deeds that appeared convivial, benevolent, and liberal. He was a maker of profeſſions, but a ſlave to intereſt. He was honoured as an actor, hated as a man, and deſpiſed as an author. He ever made friendſhip a footſtool to his intereſt and ambition. The two men that he was moſt obliged to, he always hated and feared. He ruined the one, and planned the deſtruction of the other. He could have no laſting intimacy with any body. He was totally void of any kind of addreſs to men or women in any rank or circumſtance of life, that the judicious, and thoſe who had thought of that art, called genteel or well bred.

His art in acting conſiſted in inceſſantly pawing and hauling the characters about with whom he was concerned in the ſcene;—and when he did not paw or haul the character, he ſtalked between them and the audience, and that generally when they were ſpeaking the moſt important and intereſting paſſage in the ſcene, which demanded in propriety a ſtrict attention. When he ſpoke himſelf, he pulled about the character he ſpoke to, and ſqueezed his hat, hung forward, and ſtood almoſt upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, ſorrow, rage, conſiſted in ſqueezing his hat, thumping his breaſt, ſtrutting up and down the ſtage, and pawing the characters that he acted with.

In private life, had this man

been interdicted the uſe of mimicry, of ſimulation, and diſſimulation, he would have appeared, what in reality he was, a ſuperficial inſignificant man. But with the help of thoſe arts, he was entertaining and appeared ſagacious, learned, good-natured, modeſt, and friendly to thoſe who had no dealings with him;—but to thoſe who had, he was known to the very heart; for his attachment to intereſt in dealings made him as obvious as if nature had made a window to his heart. Our actions are the only true teſtimonies of our probity. Our intimates, and thoſe with whom we chuſe to retire and live in private, furniſh the beſt proof of the ſtrength or weakneſs, riches or poverty of the mind. The paltry actions of this man are well known; his intimates I need not deſcribe. The tree is known by its fruit.

An ancient philoſopher, ſpeaking of Envy, characteriſes it very finely, by ſaying, it is of that perverſe, unſociable, ſelfiſh nature, that, were it abſolute, it would rather forego the indiſpenſable influence of the ſun, than participate the bleſſing with mankind. This diſcription of Envy may ſeem to ſome men to be exaggerated and hyperbolical; but thoſe who have obſerved this paſſion in its extremes, in the commerce of the world, or as Milton has characteriſed it in his "Paradiſe Loſt," will find it to be naturally juſt. A ſtronger inſtance of its influence ſure never was known than in the perſon we have now under conſideration; for, not ſatisfied with endeavouring to deſtroy the fame of every contemporary actor, he attacked even that of the actreſſes, and ſucceeded. Nor was the traducement of the living fame of male and female, of every age and rank upon the ſtage, ſufficient to gorge the maw of Envy: it flew to the dead! and inſidiouſly broke open the hallowed tombs of Betterton, Booth, Wilks, and other honoured ſpirits, Nature's favourite children, who had been foſtered and protected by art, applauſe, and time; and, when living, whom Envy's ſelf allowed to be Nature's darling ſons, and Art's perfect pupils: yet theſe very ſpirits would he ſlily bring upon the carpet: mimic, though he never ſaw them; tell anecdotes of them, and traduce their immortal fame, by ſtigmatiſing them as manneriſts, and denominating them as perſons who ſpoke in recitative. Thus would he ſerve them up to ignorant people, who believed and wondered; and to dependants and flatterers, who retailed the libellous anecdotes, invectives, and quaint conceits, and concluded that the art was never known but by the narrator, who, with an apparent modeſty, and a concealed impudence, made himſelf the hero of the hiſtorical criticiſm.

His mind was buſied upon the external and partial looks, tones, gaits, and motion of individuals in their ordinary habits. Of the paſſions, their degrees and kinds, and of their influence upon the organs, and their impreſſions upon the body, he knew but very little, very little indeed! His mind and knowledge were, like

his body, little, pert, acute, quick, weak, eaſily ſhocked, and worn down, ſubtle, plauſible. By this external partial imitation of individuals he continually exerciſed his mind and body. This wretched buffoonery compriſed his knowledge, his humour, his learning, converſation, wiſdom, virtue, elegance, breeding, and his companionable qualities. His mimicry, both off the ſtage and on it, ſerved him inſtead of figure, grace, character, manners, and a perfect imitation of general nature, as it paſſes through human life in every character, age, rank, and ſtation.

He introduced ſleep into *Lear*, ſhowed how the body dreams in *Richard*. He alſo introduced ſleep into *Sir John Brute*; and for many minutes, to the extravagant ſatisfaction of the audience, cut the faces of an ideot, a lunatic, a ſtupor; ſo expert was he in all the trick of the face, which the good people acknowledged as an imitation of a drunken man falling aſleep.

Whenever a manager ſets up his own power, taſte, or avarice, againſt the power, judgment, or entertainment of the people, he forfeits every right to their favour; nay he merits their contempt and reſentment. Garrick never obliged the public in any one article during the time of his management; on the contrary he took every ſtep by which he could erect himſelf into a tyrant, to cruſh the ſpirit and genius of merit both in actors and authors; to corrupt the public taſte; to fill his own coffers; and to make his own judgment the ſtandard of every ſpecies of dramatic merit.

His wit always wanted ſtrength, his deſcriptions humour, his manner pleaſantry, his conduct integrity, his diſpoſition good nature, and his deportment decency.

CHARACTER OF MRS. SIDDONS.

By CAPEL LOFT, *Eſq.*

OUT of the houſe I allowed myſelf but one amuſement, but that one was, in effect, all; it was ſeeing and hearing Mrs. Siddons in a new and moſt effecting character, that of Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger;" and in a character of long and eſtabliſhed preeminence, that of Iſabella, in "The Fatal Marriage."

Of this moſt admirable actreſs I can ſay nothing that approaches to a deſcription of her excellencies. Her figure, countenance, voice, attitudes, are in the higheſt degree graceful, expreſſive, and ſublime. The ſecond night (her appearance in "The Stranger" was Friday 25th,) when ſhe performed Iſabella, I ſaw her to the greateſt advantage from a ſide box, and with an excellent glaſs, that, which I always carry with me. I longed moſt earneſtly you had been with us at both theſe repreſentations.

Her action is ſo juſt and ſo exquiſitely graceful and dignified, her elocution ſo wonderfully fine, and her power of giving its full force to every noble and generous ſentiment ſo unrivalled by any performer whom I have ever ſeen on the theatre,—and I have ſeen thoſe who have been moſt juſtly and univerſally admired. There are in her acting, as in Garrick's, no vacuities, nor any thing out of the character to parade herſelf to the audience: if ſilent and immoveable, her ſilence is more eloquent than language, and her ſuſpended action ſpeaks the character and fullneſs of the ſoul.

On Sunday the 27th, we ſaw her at her own houſe; and it was truly charming to ſee one of the moſt admired women upon earth amuſing herſelf as a mother, but with ſiſter-like familiarity, with her two daughters, who greatly reſemble her, one of them particularly, and converſing without vanity,—indeed, ſhe is above it,—without pride.

She ſpeaks with the moſt eaſy and graceful propriety on whatever ſubjects ariſe. You would have been charmed to hear her mention Hereford, and the ſurrounding country, where ſhe ſpent part of her childhood and firſt youth. I believe you will find it mentioned by Mrs. Morgan that Brecknock has had the honor of giving birth to Mrs. Siddons. On our inquiry, ſhe mentioned it herſelf as being the place where ſhe was born. If any perſon really knows herſelf, and neither overrates or undervalues her powers, Mrs. Siddons appears to be that perſon; and ſhe ſpeaks accordingiy with ſimplicity and frankneſs, not affecting to diſavow, nor oſtentatious in the diſplay of them.

I ought to mention that ſhe has the utmoſt ſimplicity, a ſimplicity the moſt dignified and graceful, in her dreſs; alike whether at home or on the ſtage; even in Iſabella, in a dreſs of nuptial ceremony, this was ſtrikingly obſervable. Gold, or a profuſion of ſilver, in the ornaments of dreſs, ſhe leaves to others: jewels and colours are not ſuffered to degrade the ſublime unity of effect, or to challenge an admiration which, were ſhe to wear them, would appear, even to the admirers of embelliſhment, frivolouſly waſted on theſe comparitively inſignificant decorations.—She is her own ornament: and is too ſublimely beautiful, in form, countenance, character, and expreſſion, to ſubmit to make herſelf fine. Her forehead, her eye, her noſe, all her features have the deciſive character of a great mind, of an amiable and noble heart. Indeed ſhe more reſembles the ideal beauty of poſſible nature, than what one ſhould expect actually to have ſeen.

The ſilver tone of her voice, full, ſolemn, but wonderfully ſweet, preſerves diſtinctneſs in the higheſt exertions, and remains unloſt in the loweſt articulations. Some idea of her action and attitudes might be drawn from the fineſt ſtatues and paintings. Of the expreſſion of her countenance no adequate repreſentation can be formed.

I was led to think, for I had

never ſeen her till now, that ſhe was only formed for the great and awful character. For theſe, indeed, ſhe has every endowment, both from nature and a cultivation of her powers, the moſt attentive and unremitted, which genius, animated by reſpect for an admiring public, could ſuggeſt to her, and enforced too by the conſciouſneſs ſhe muſt feel of the ſublimity of the object of her exertions, the juſt repreſentation of ideas, and characters the moſt exalted ; but ſhe has not leſs command over the more amiable affections, thoſe of pure and exalted benevolence : of the delicacy of wounded honor ; of the agonizing tenderneſs of maternal fear ; of the ſweet complacency of an heart occupied with nature, and the contemplation of its author, and of its pleaſures in its duties ; nor leſs of the deeply pathetic expreſſion of ſettled grief, of the chaſte enthuſiaſm of love. It is true, that love when repreſented by her, appears a paſſion as elevated as glory itſelf. Her fondneſs is noble, and her very ſorrows and deſpair impreſs with reſpect, and awe, and veneration.

It would be a great loſs to be deprived of her tranſcendently fine action ; but I think I ſhould prefer merely to hear her read to ſeeing the fineſt play acted by the beſt of other performers. In the character of lady Randolph, in our favorite "Douglas ;" in "The Grecian Daughter," "The Roman Father," or the Volumnia of Shakeſpeare, ſhe who was born to perſonify the pureſt of the higheſt affections muſt be unimaginably great.

LITERARY REVIEW. No. VI.

COUNT RUMFORD's ESSAYS.

PERHAPS modern times have not afforded a greater benefactor of the human race, or one who for his ſucceſsful exertions in the advancement of their felicity, reflects more honor on his ſpecies, than Count Rumford. His *Experimental Eſſays, Political and Economical,* are written in a ſtyle ſimple and pure, occaſionally riſing with his ſubject, and always conforming to it. They abound with ideas, without a ſuperfluity of words, or redundancy of falſe ornament. It is however derogating from the character of Count Rumford, to dwell upon his merits ſimply as a writer. In whatever he relates, he may ſay without oſtentation,

"*Magna pars fui.*"

His was a nobler taſk, than merely conſtructing ſentences, and cloathing thoughts, at the toilet of imagination. He was not content with barely ſtarting new projects, and making theoretic improvements. His inclination did not lead him to combine, and diſ-

tort the elements, for new diſcoveries, uſeful only to the ſpeculative theoriſt, and prized only for the labor they coſt. His element was man. The advancement of ſocial happineſs and order, his object. In this he has done, not ſo much as a nation of philoſophers, of a very different caſt, have undone, but perhaps more than has been performed by any of his contemporaries, of whatever deſcription.

The man, who ſhould diſcover the proceſs, to extract a wholeſome, nutritive liquor from the dregs and fæces of a foul caſk, would be juſtly entitled to laſting praiſe. How much more then is due to him, who has diſcovered and executed the plan of purifying the dregs of *ſociety*, and rendering them capable of preſerving themſelves, and adding ſtrength, ſpirit, and duration, to the whole? Of harmonizing its waring elements, and calling order out of its chaos? This has been the happy and honorable employment of Count Rumford, and it was worthy his purſuit. Nature made him a nobleman: and a generous, and diſcerning Prince, was proud to mark her diſtinction with the ceremonial of his ſeal.

The Eſſays of Count Rumford are fraught with maxims, moral, prudential and politic, at once profound and practical. Had he only projected, what he has actually put in execution, he would have been entitled to the reſpect of mankind, to the veneration due to a ſound philoſopher. When we take a ſurvey of the Electorate of Bavaria, eſpecially Munich its capital, infeſted and overrun with a diſſolute horde of lazaroni, preying upon the wealth of individuals, and levying an enormous tax on a too generous public, to which they had become, not only burdenſome, but formidable. When we ſee this miſerable rabble, always viewed with contempt, commonly, by a fatal error, as paſt reform, fit only for the gloomy tenants of a priſon, and ſubjects for legal puniſhment—When we ſee them, not by a miracle, but by the moſt conſummate effort of human prudence, reclaimed from their abandoned habits, to the cheerful paths of honeſt induſtry, adding wealth and ſtrength to the community, to which they had been an inſupportable burden—in ſhort, regenerated from licentious beggars, to honeſt, induſtrious citizens—When we contemplate this truly intereſting ſcene, we cannot withhold from the principal actor, the higheſt encomiums, which man can beſtow on man. This ſcene has been acted in Bavaria. It has certainly more intrinſic merit—is more intereſting to rich and poor, rulers and ruled, than all the dramas that ever drew the involuntary burſts of applauſe, from an approving audience. To the honor of America, its author, and principal actor, was Count Rumford, a native of our ſoil. While Europe may juſtly conſider him as one of her greateſt benefactors, we have only to regret, that he did not make his native country the ſcene of thoſe improvments, which his correct and elegant pen has given us in narrative. But if we have not the benefit of his

great and benevolent exertions, why ſhould we not profit by his laudable example? It is worthy our emulation. Eaſily reduced to practice, eſpecialy in New England. Where it is more difficult, there is greater neceſſity for putting it in execution. In almoſt every county town, even in the Northern ſtates, there are ſome fickle unfortunate, idle inhabitants who need only the means of employment, and the parental authority of active, judicious overſeers, to teach them that "honeſty is the beſt policy," and induſtry the conſtant and rational ſource of pleaſure. In moſt of our ſea ports, there are many diſſolute vagabonds, who need only proper inſtitutions, and the exertion of reſpectable, active and intereſted citizens to reſtore them to themſelves and to ſociety. The diſeaſe is increaſing. The cure can never be attempted with greater probability of ſucceſs then at preſent. The laws have inveſted every town with powers ample for the purpoſe. The particular, methodical and conſpicuous account of the plan, execution and ſucceſs, purſued by Count Rumford, at Munich, on a larger ſcale, minutely detailed in his Eſſays, may ſerve in many reſpects, as a model for our municipalities, on a ſmaller plan. Thoſe Eſſays in every point of view, are ſo congenial to the genius of America—the purſuit of uſeful objects—that they cannot be too highly recommended to every claſs of citizens, more eſpecially to thoſe reſponſible gentlemen, who are appointed overſeers of the poor. This reſpectable claſs of citizens, might juſtly conſider them as neceſſary to the faithful diſcharge of their functions, as the laws, preſcribing their duty. They would find in them the greateſt ſtimulus, and the beſt directions for puttiug thoſe laws in execution. The regulations of many ſocieties of the Friends or Quakers, in this country, eſpecially at Philadelphia, prove that the example of Count Rumford is not impracticable in America. Were the moſt humble town to purſue this example with ſpirit and perſeverance, it would raiſe itſelf to an envious diſtinction. Were our capital ſea-ports ſeriouſly to adopt the meaſures purſued at Munich, they would become the worthy patterns of imitation for the country. Example would produce emulation; emulation a happy reform. The moſt formidable oppoſers of our government will ever be found in the higher ranks of life; their moſt dangerons inſtruments in the loweſt grades of ſociety. Its filthy dregs will ever foſter the tools of faction, and its outlaws afford a ſtanding corps of jacobins.—Count Rumford has diſcovered a method of training up theſe in the diſcipline of order, the ſchool of utility, more ſure, more ſafe, more honorable to humanity, and more uſeful to ſociety than the diſcipline of the whip, the priſon, or the pillory. It is, *firſt to make them happy, then virtuous.*

[*Extract from St. Pierre.*]

REPLIES TO THE OBJECTIONS AGAINST DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

NEWTON, who purſued his reſearches into the laws of Nature ſo profoundly, never pronounced the name of God, without moving his hat, and otherwiſe expreſſing the moſt devout reſpect. He took pleaſure in recalling this ſublime idea, even in his moments of conviviality, and conſidered it as the nutural bond of union among all nations. Corneille le Bruyn, the Dutch painter, relates, that happening to dine one day at his table, in company with ſeveral other foreigners, Newton, when the deſſert was ſerved up, propoſed a health to the men of every country who believe in God. This was drinking the health of the human race. Is it poſſible to conceive, that ſo many nations, of languages and manners ſo very different, and, in many caſes, of an intelligence ſo contracted, ſhould believe in God, if that belief were the reſult of ſome tradition, or of a profound, metaphyſical diſquiſition? It ariſes from the ſpectacle of nature ſimply. A poor Arabian of the deſert, ignorant as moſt of the Arabians are, was one day aſked, How he came to be aſſured that there was a God? "In the ſame way," replied he, "that I am able to tell, by the print impreſſed on the ſand, whether it was a man or a beaſt which paſſed that way."

It is impoſſible for man, as has been ſaid, to imagine any form, or to produce a ſingle idea of which the model is not in nature. He expands his reaſon only on the reaſons which nature has ſupplied. God muſt, therefore, neceſſarily exiſt, were it but for this, that man has an idea of him. But if we attentively conſider, that every thing, neceſſary to man, exiſts in a moſt wonderful adaptation to his neceſſities, for the ſtrongeſt of all reaſons, God likewiſe muſt exiſt, he who is the univerſal adaptation of all the ſocieties of the human race.

But I ſhould wiſh to know, in what way, the perſons who doubt of his exiſtence, on a review of the works of nature, would deſire to be aſſured of it? Do they wiſh that he ſhould appear under a human form, and aſſume the figure of an old man, as he is painted in our churches? They would ſay, this is a man. Were he to inveſt himſelf with ſome unknown and celeſtial form, could we in a human body ſupport the ſight? The complete and unveiled diſplay of even a ſingle one of his works on the earth, would be ſufficient to confound our feeble organs. For example, if the earth wheels round its axis, as is ſuppoſed, there is not a human being in exiſtence, who from a fixed point in the Heavens, could view the rapidity of its motion without horror; for he would behold rivers, oceans, kingdoms whirling about under his feet, with a velocity almoſt thrice as great as that of a cannon ball. But even the

ſwiftneſs of this diurnal rotation is a mere nothing: For the rapidity, with which the globe deſcribes its annual circle, and hurls us round the ſun, is ſeventy five times greater than that of a bullet ſhot from the cannon. Were it but poſſible for the eye to view thro' the ſkin, the mechaniſm of our own body, the ſight would overwhelm us. Durſt we make a ſingle movement, if we ſaw our blood circulating, the nerves pulling, the lungs blowing, the humours filtrating, and all the incomprehenſible aſſemblage of fibres, tubes, pumps, currents, pivots, which ſuſtain an exiſtence, at once ſo frail and ſo preſumptuous.

Would we wiſh, on the contrary, that GOD ſhould manifeſt himſelf in a manner more adapted to his own nature, by the direct and immediate communication of his intelligence, to the excluſion of every intervenient mean?

Archimedes, who had a mind capable of ſuch intenſe application, as not to be diſturbed from his train of thought, by the ſack of Syracuſe, in which he loſt his life, went almoſt diſtracted, from the ſimple perception of a geometrical truth, of which he ſuddenly caught a glimpſe. He was pondering, while in the bath, the means of diſcovering the quantity of alloy which a raſcally goldſmith had mixed in Hiero's golden crown; and having found it, from the analogy of the different weight of his own body, when in the water, and out of it, he ſprung from the bath, naked as he was, and ran like a madman through the ſtreets of Syracuſe, calling out, *I have found it! I have found it!*

When ſome ſtriking truth, or ſome affecting ſentiment, happens to lay hold of the audience at a theatre, you ſee ſome melted into tears, others almoſt choaked with an oppreſſed reſpiration, others quite in a tranſport, clapping their hands, and ſtamping with their feet; the females in the boxes actually fainting away. Were theſe violent agitations of ſpirit to go on progreſſively but for a few minutes only, the perſons ſubject to them might loſe their reaſon, perhaps their life. What would be the caſe, then, if the ſource of all truth, and of all feeling, were to communicate himſelf to us in a mortal body? GOD has placed us at a ſuitable diſtance from his infinite majeſty; near enough to have a perception of it, but not ſo near as to be annihilated by it. He veils his intelligence from us under the forms of matter; and he reſtores our confidence reſpecting the movements of the material world by the ſentiment of his intelligence. If at any time he is pleaſed to communicate himſelf in a more intimate manner, it is not through the channel of haughty ſcience, but through that of our virtue. He diſcloſes himſelf to the ſimple, and hides his face from the proud.

"But," it is aſked, "What made GOD? Why ſhould there be a God?" Am I to call in queſtion his exiſtence, becauſe I am incapable of comprehending his origin? This ſtyle of reaſoning would enable us to conclude, that man does not exiſt: For, who made men? Why ſhould there be men? Why am I in the world in the eighteenth century? Why

did I not arrive in ſome of the ages which went before ? And, wherefore ſhould I not be here in thoſe which are to come ? The exiſtence of God is at all times neceſſary, and that of man is but contingent. Nay, this is not all ; the exiſtence of man is the only exiſtence apparently ſuperfluous in the order eſtabliſhed upon the earth. Many iſlands have been diſcovered without inhabitants, which preſented abodes the moſt enchanting, from the diſpoſition of the valleys, of the waters, of the woods, of the animals. Man alone deranges the plans of nature : He diverts the current from the fountain ; he digs into the ſide of the hill ; he ſets the foreſt on fire ; he maſſacres without mercy every thing that breathes ; every where he degrades the earth, which could do very well without him.

The harmony of this globe would be partially deſtroyed, perhaps entirely ſo, were but the ſmalleſt, and, ſeemingly, moſt inſignificant, genus of plants to be ſuppreſſed ; for its annihilation would leave a certain ſpace of ground deſtitute of verdure, and thereby rob of its nouriſhment the ſpecies of inſect which there found the ſupport of life. The deſtruction of the inſect, again, would involve that of the ſpecies of bird, which in theſe alone finds the food proper for their young ; and ſo on to infinity. The total ruin of the vegetable and animal kingdoms might take its riſe from the failure of a ſingle moſs, as we may ſee that of an edifice commence in a ſmall crevice. But if the human race exiſted not, it would be impoſſible to ſuppoſe that any thing had been deranged : Every brook, every plant, every animal, would always be in its place. Indolent and haughty Philoſopher, who preſumeſt to demand of nature, wherefore there ſhould be a God, why demandeſt thou not rather wherefore there ſhould be men ?

All his works ſpeak of their author. The plain which gradually eſcapes from my eye, and the capacious vault of heaven which incompaſſes me on every ſide, convey to me an idea of his immenſity ; the fruits ſuſpended on the bough within reach of my hand, announce his providential care ; the voice of the tempeſt proclaims his power ; the conſtant revolution of the ſeaſons diſplays his wiſdom ; the variety of proviſion which his bounty makes, in every climate, for the wants of every thing that lives, the ſtately port of the foreſts, the ſoft verdue of the meadow, the grouping of plants, the perfume and enamel of flowers, and infinite multitude of harmonies, known and unknown, are the magnificent languages which ſpeak of him to all men, in a thouſand and a thouſand different dialects.

Nay, the very order of Nature is ſuperfluous : God is the only Being whom diſorder invokes, and whom human weakneſs announces. In order to attain the knowledge of his attributes, we need only to have a feeling of our own imperfections. Oh ! how ſublime is that prayer, how congenial to the heart of Man,

and ſtill in uſe among People whom we preſume to call Savages! "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, becauſe I am paſſing away: O Infinite! becauſe I am but a ſpeck: O Moſt Mighty! becauſe I am weak: O Source of Life! becauſe I draw nigh to the grave: O Omniſcient! becauſe I am in darkneſs: O All bounteous! becauſe I am poor! O All ſufficient! becauſe I am nothing."

Man has given nothing to himſelf: he has received all. And "he who planted the ear, ſhall he not hear? he who formed the eye, ſhall he not ſee? he who teacheth Man knowledge, ſhall not he know?" I ſhould conſider myſelf as offering an inſult to the underſtanding of my reader, and ſhould derange the plan of my work, were I to inſiſt longer on the proofs of the exiſtence of GOD.

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

[*From* PARK'S *Travels in the Interior of Africa.*]

SEGO, the capital of Bambarra, at which I had now arrived, conſiſts, properly ſpeaking, of four diſtinct towns; two on the northern bank of the Niger, called Sego Korro, and Sego Boo; and two on the ſouthern bank, called Sego Soo Korro, and Sego See Korro. They are all ſurrounded with high mud walls; the houſes are built of clay of a ſquare form, with flat roofs; ſome of them have two ſtories, and many of them are whitewaſhed. Beſides theſe buildings, Mooriſh moſques are ſeen in every quarter, and the ſtreets tho' narrow, are broad enough for every uſeful purpoſe, in a country where wheel carriages are entirely unknown. From the beſt enquiries I could make, I have reaſon to believe, that Sego contains altogether, about 30,000 inhabitants. The king of Bambarra conſtantly reſides at Sego See Korro; he employs a great many ſlaves in conveying people over the river, and the money they receive, though the fare is only ten Kowrie ſhells for each individual, furniſhes a conſiderable revenue to the king in the courſe of a year. The canoes are of a ſingular conſtruction, each of them being formed of the trunks of two large trees, rendered concave, and joined together, not ſide by ſide, but end ways, the junction being exactly acroſs the middle of the canoe; they are therefore very long, and diſproportionably narrow, and have neither decks nor maſts; they are however very roomy, for I obſerved in one of them four horſes and ſeveral people croſſing over the river. When we arrived at this ferry, we found a great number waiting for a paſſage; they looked at me with ſilent wonder, and I diſtinguiſhed, with concern, many Moors among them. There were three differ-

ent places of embarkation, and the ferry-men were very diligent and expeditious, but from the crowd of people, I could not immediately obtain a paſſage, and ſat down upon the bank of the river to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The view of this extenſive city; the numerous canoes upon the river; the crowded population, and the cultivated ſtate of the ſurrounding country, formed altogether a proſpect of civilization and magnificence, which I little expected to find in the boſom of Africa.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of croſſing the river; during which time the people who had croſſed, carried information to Manſong the king, that a white man was waiting for a paſſage, and was coming to ſee him. He immediately ſent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not poſſibly ſee me, until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I muſt not preſume to croſs the river without the king's permiſſion. He therefore adviſed me to lodge at a diſtant village, to which he pointed, for the night; and ſaid, that in the morning he would give me further inſtructions how to conduct myſelf. This was very diſcouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I ſet off for the village; were I found, to my great mortification, that no perſon would admit me into his houſe. I was regarded with aſtoniſhment and fear, and was obliged to ſit all day without victuals in the ſhade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind roſe and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beaſts are ſo very numerous in the neighborhood, that I ſhould have been under the neceſſity of climbing up the tree, and reſting amongſt the branches: About ſunſet, however, as I was preparing to paſs the night in this manner, and had turned my horſe looſe that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, ſtopped to obſerve me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my ſituation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compaſſion, ſhe took up my ſaddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, ſhe lighted up a lamp, ſpread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, ſhe ſaid ſhe would procure me ſomething to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a ſhort time with a very fine fiſh, which, having cauſed to be half broiled upon ſome embers, ſhe gave me for ſupper. The rites of hoſpitality being thus performed towards a ſtranger in diſtreſs, my worthy benefactreſs, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might ſleep there without apprehenſion, called to the female part of her family, who had ſtood gazing on me all the while in fixed aſtoniſhment, to reſume their taſk of ſpinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themſelves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by ſongs, one of

which was compoſed extempore, for I was myſelf the ſubject of it. It was ſung by one of the young women, the reſt joining in a ſort of chorus: The air was ſweet and plaintive, and the words, literally tranſlated, were theſe.—"The winds roared, and the rains fell: the poor white man, faint and weary, came and ſat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* Let us pity the white man; no mother has he, &c. &c."* Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a perſon in my ſituation, the circumſtance was affecting in the higheſt degree. I was oppreſſed by ſuch unexpected kindneſs, and ſleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I preſented my compaſſionate landlady with two of the four braſs buttons which remained on my waiſtcoat, the only recompence I could make her.

* Verſification under our poetical head.

HENRY AND REBECCA.

[*From Mrs.* INCHBALD'S *Nature and Art.*]

ONE miſty morning, ſuch as portends a ſultry day, as Henry was walking ſwiftly thro' a thick wood on the ſkirts of the pariſh, he ſuddenly ſtarted on hearing a diſtant groan, expreſſive, as he thought, both of bodily and mental pain.—He ſtopped to hear it repeated that he might purſue the ſouud. He heard it again, and though now but in murmurs, yet as the tone implied exceſſive grief, he directed his courſe to that part of the wood from whence it came.

As he advanced, in ſpite of the thick fog, he diſcerned the appearance of a female ſcudding away on his approach. His eye was fixed on this object; and regardleſs where he placed his feet, ſoon he ſhrunk back with horror, on perceiving they had nearly trod upon a new-born infant, lying on the ground!—a lovely male child, entered on a world where not one preparation had been made to receive him.

"Ah!" cried Henry, forgetting the perſon who had fled, and with a ſmile of compaſſion on the helpleſs infant, "I am glad I have found you—you give more joy to me, than you have done to your hapleſs parents. Poor dear," (continued he, while he took off his coat to wrap it in,) "I will take care of you while I live—I will beg for you rather than you ſhall want—but firſt, I will carry you to thoſe who at preſent can do more for you than myſelf."

Thus Henry ſaid and thought, while he incloſed the child carefully in his coat, and took it in his arms. But about to walk his way with it, an unlucky query ſtruck him, *where he ſhould go.*

"I muſt not take it to the dean's," he cried, "becauſe lady

Clementina will ſuſpect it is not nobly, and my uncle will ſuſpect it is not lawfully born. Nor muſt I take it to lord Bendham's for the ſelf ſame reaſon—though, could it call lady Bendham mother, this whole village, nay the whole country round would ring with rejoicings for its birth. How ſtrange!" continued he, "that we ſhould make ſo little of human creatures, that one ſent among us, wholly independent of his own high value, becomes a curſe inſtead of a bleſſing by the mere accident of worthleſs circumſtances."

He now, after walking out of the wood, peeped through the folds of his coat to look again at his charge—he ſtarted, turned pale, and trembled, to behold what, in the ſurpriſe of firſt ſeeing the child, had eſcaped his obſervation. Around its little throat was a cord entwined by a ſlipping nooſe, and drawn half-way—as if the trembling hand of the murderer had revolted from its dreadful office, and he or ſhe had left the infant to pine away with nakedneſs and hunger, rather than *ſee* it die.

Again Henry wiſhed himſelf joy of the treaſure he had found; and more fervently than before; for he had not only preſerved one fellow-creature from death, but another from murder.

Once more he looked at his charge, and was tranſported to obſerve, upon its ſerene brow and ſleepy eye, no traces of the dangers it had paſſed—no trait of ſhame either for itſelf or its parents—no diſcompoſure at the unwelcome reception it was likely to encounter from a proud world! He now ſlipped the fatal ſtring from its neck; and by this affectionate diſturbance cauſing the child to cry, he ran (but he ſcarce new whither) to convey it to a better nurſe.

He at length found himſelf at the door of his dear Rebecca—for ſo very happy Henry felt at the good luck which had befallen him, that he longed to beſtow a part of the bleſſing upon her he loved.

He ſent for her privately out of the houſe to ſpeak to him—— When ſhe came,

"Rebecca," ſaid he (looking around that no one obſerved him) "Rebecca, I have brought you ſomething you will like."

"What is it?" ſhe aſked.

"You know, Rebecca, that you love deſerted birds, ſtrayed kittens, and motherleſs lambs—I have brought ſomething more pitiable than any of theſe. Go, get a cap and a little gown, and then I will give it you."

"A gown!" exclaimed Rebecca. "If you have brought me a monkey, much as I ſhould eſteem any preſent from *you*, indeed I cannot touch it."

"A monkey!" repeated Henry, almoſt in anger—then changing the tone of his voice, exclaimed in triumph,

"It is a child!"

On this he gave it a gentle pinch, that its cry might confirm the pleaſing truth he ſpoke.

"A child!" repeated Rebecca in amaze.

"Yes, and indeed I found it."

"Found it?"

"Indeed I did. The mother, I fear, had juſt forſaken it."

"Inhumane creature!"

"Nay, hold, Rebecca! I am ſure you will pity her when you ſee her child—you then will know ſhe muſt have loved it—and will conſider how much ſhe certainly had ſuffered, before ſhe left it to periſh in a wood."

"Cruel!" once more exclaimed Rebecca.

"Oh! Rebecca, perhaps, had ſhe poſſeſſed a home of her own, ſhe would have given it the beſt place in it—had ſhe poſſeſſed money, ſhe would have dreſſed it with the niceſt care—or had ſhe been accuſtomed to diſgrace, ſhe would have gloried in calling it hers! But now, as it is, it is ſent to us, to you and me, Rebecca, to take care of."

Rebecca, ſoothed by Henry's compaſſionate eloquence, held out her arms and received the important parcel—and, as ſhe kindly looked in upon the little ſtranger,

"Now are not you much obliged to me," ſaid Henry, "for having brought it to you? I know no one but yourſelf to whom I would have truſted it with pleaſure."

"Much obliged to you," repeated Rebecca with a very ſerious face, "if I did but know what to do with it—where to put it—where to hide it from my father and ſiſters."

"Oh! any where"—returned Henry—"It is very good—It will not cry—but if they ſhould diſcover it, they will take it from you, proſecute the wretched mother, and ſend the child to the work-houſe."

"I will do all I can!" replied Rebecca, "and I know I can take milk from the dairy, and bread from the pantry, without its being miſſed, or my father much the poorer. But if it ſhould cry——"

That inſtant they were interrupted by the appearance of the ſtern curate at a little diſtance. Henry was obliged to run ſwiftly away, while Rebecca returned by ſtealth into the houſe with her innocent burden.

AN ORATION,

Pronounced at ROXBURY, *July* 4, 1800, *by requeſt of the Inhabitants, in Commemoration of* AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY Luther Richardſon.

CITIZENS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN!

A NEW era in the annals of time has commenced; tyranny has yielded the ſceptre to patriotiſm; liberty, guided by reaſon, has began her bright career. Science has erected her tem-

ple on the grave of ſuperſtition; humanity has extracted the rancour from the boſom of war, and wrenched the ſword of deſtruction from the arm of victory; commerce has ſubjected the ocean to the empire of man; and a new world beyond the limits of the old has ariſen into view.

We are aſſembled, not to pay the ſervile homage of adulation for the birth of kings and deſpots; not to pour forth the ſhouts of fanaticiſm for the triumphs of anarchy; nor to ſwell the guilty acclamations of a phrentic uſurper —No, a more exalted theme inſpires our minds. We celebrate that day, which freed a nation from tyranny, which gave a new empire to the world. A day, which declared the dignity of human nature, and the eternal rights of man; a day, terrible to tyrants, but dear to freemen.

What day can better unite all hearts; what ſentiments are more worthy to employ all minds? Riſe then, Soldiers, Citizens, Stateſmen! approach the altar of your independence, and recount the bleſſings of your arduous toils. Lead forth your tender offspring, and teach their youthful minds, to expand with ſacred love of country. Let pleaſure blow the trump of joy; let ſhouts of patritotiſm burſt from every tongue; and pæans of exultation riſe from every breaſt.

The American revolution will forever ſtand, a grand epoch, in the political world. The faculties of human nature, and the rights of man were never till then thoroughly inveſtigated. The art of legiſlation was brought back to reaſon, government was ſtripped of its myſtery, and expoſed to the eye of public ſcrutiny; and "it was found that for a nation to become free, it is ſufficient that ſhe wills it."

Here was no demon of anarchy, to ſpread the peſtilence of civil war, to rule in ſolitude over the graves of his countrymen; no phrenzied parricide, to bear in triumph the head of his father, ſtreaming with blood from a guillotine, to teſtify his patriotiſm. Ambition never ſoared on the crimſon wings of victory, to waft herſelf to empire. We boaſt no cities laid in ruin, to commemorate the downfall of government and religion; no provinces deſolated, to mark the flaming path of *Equality*; no rivers choaked with the putrid carcaſes of murdered citizens. No, far different triumphs are ours. Calm reflection here performed the miracles of inſpiration, and deliberate valor acquired the achievements of Gods. An empire happy, a mighty nation freed from tyranny. Theſe are the glorious monuments of our revolution; theſe are the immortal trophies of which we boaſt.

Our fathers, perſecuted and hunted from their native land, committed themſelves to the boſom of the deep, chooſing to aſſociate with the monſters of the ocean, and to wander at large amid ſtorms and tempeſts; rather than ſacrifice their religion and liberties to the inquiſition of an inexorable tyrant. Guided by heaven to theſe ſolitary ſhores, nature received them with open arms and joyfully preſſed them to her

rugged breaſt. By their toils and perſeverance, by that virtue derived from pure religion, and that induſtry inſpired by liberty, they rapidly increaſed to a degree of population and opulence which commanded national reſpectability. With minds ſuperior to revenge the ingratitude of the mother country, they ſtill fondly hailed her by the endearing name of parent. Every tongue was loud in her praiſe, and every heart rejoiced to obey the commands of her patriot kings.

By the ſovereign aid of her colonies Great Britain was exalted to a height of power, which threatened the liberties of mankind. Victory every where crowned her arms by land, and her navy rode triumphant over the ſeas. Europe trembled at the omnipotence of her ſway; Africa groaned under her mercenary iniquity; Aſia wore the chains of her monopoliſing avarice; and the whole world was too narrow for the boundaries of her ambition.

But the wealth of nations was inſufficient to ſupport the pomp and pageantry of a profligate court, and the cravings of miniſterial rapacity. Jealous of a riſing power, which he foreboded would ſoon ſet him at defiance, and adopting the narrow policy of his traitorous counſellers, the king of Britain attempted to gratify the avarice of his favourites by oppreſſive extortions from his colonies. The perfidious deſign was concealed with all the art of hypocriſy and impoſture. The powers of flattery and promiſes, of bribery and ſeduction, were in vain exhauſted, to enſure its ſucceſs. Our rulers were too virtuous to barter their rights for gold; too wiſe to be duped by the inſidious profeſſions of a treacherous cabinet; and too reſolute to be plundered by royal robbers. They reaſoned, petitioned, remonſtrated. It was not the value of the demand, it was the right, which they conteſted. The commands of miniſters became at length open and peremptory. Unconditional ſubmiſſion, or chaſtiſement, was their inſulting language. But America rouſed with juſt indignation; her flinty brow ſparkled at the ſtrokes of oppreſſion, and kindled a holy flame of patriotiſm, which the engines of kings, and the ſlaves of tyrants, could never extinguiſh.

Europe beheld with aſtoniſhment an infant nation, unſkilled in the deteſtable art of human ſlaughter, without the means of war or foreign aid, riſe in defiance to the power of Britain. The forces of a mighty empire were called forth, to cruſh, and chain us. The fiery meteors of royal vengeance ſtreamed through our atmoſphere; the clouds of war gathered blackneſs, the tempeſt of battle burſt over our heads —But America ſtood firm and undaunted, like the mighty Andes whoſe towering tops riſe in calm ſublimity, mocking the fury of the angry elements.

Say, ye hoary freemen, who are yet alive, what enrapturing love of poſterity, what mighty fortitude, what divine enthuſiaſm, inſpired your patriot ſouls, to appeal to heaven for the juſtice of your cauſe; to challenge the world in arms; and "to ſwear

with one voice, to die "freemen rather than to live ſlaves."

Where ſhall I begin to relate a ſeries of events, which to admiring nations appeared like miracles! Shall I bring back to view "the times, which tried mens' ſouls?" Shall I preſent you our neighbouring capital, crowded with hoſtile foes; her temples plundered, her altars polluted, and the peaceful ceremonies of religion driven from this holy ſanctuary? Shall I lead you to the heights of Bunker, amid torrents of conflagration, the thunders of battle, and the groans of the dying? Shall I ſet before you our devoted country, trembling on the brink of annihilation? On the Eaſt, a victorious army and an all powerful navy ravaged our ſea coaſt. On the Weſt, the ſavage cannibal forſook his native haunts, to ſpread devaſtation and carnage. Terror and deſpair aſſailed us in the South; famine and peſtilence broke in from the North—Inexorable Deity at length liſtened to the cries of expiring freedom. The God of liberty proclaimed aloud "what men "can do, has been already done; I have found a patriot worthy to rule a nation of freemen." A flood of glory burſt from heaven, and encircled Waſhington. At the boldneſs of his achievements the miniſters of Britain ſtood appalled, their monarch trembled on his throne, and deſpotiſm himſelf, blinded by the blaze of his fame, threw down his chains.

The crimſon morn of liberty was often obſcured with clouds of misfortune. The object of our revolution was but half completed by the acquiſition of independence. Our bands of unity relaxed with our dangers. Mutual jealouſy, party diſcord, and an alarming ſpirit of licentiouſneſs, thoſe inſeparable evils of an exceſs of liberty, threatened to undermine the fair fabric of our freedom. The old confederation was found inadequate to the ends of government, and to regulate the new intereſts of commerce and foreign intercourſe. Induſtry was paralized under an intolerable load of taxes, trade was ſhackled with exorbitant duties; our finances diſordered, and public credit ruined. The people felt the evils, and ignorant of the cauſe, became outrageous againſt their rulers. Anarchy reared her hydra head; the high prieſts of faction blew the trumpet of rebellion; and the vultures of civil war ſcreamed for joy at the proſpect of carnage.

But the weeping genius of liberty fled for refuge to the groves of Vernon. The father of his country, tranſported with parental love, flew to comfort, and ſave his deſpairing children. His preſence, like order moving over the face of chaos, brought harmony out of confuſion, confidence from deſpair. A new conſtitution was formed from the collected wiſdom of American ſages. A conſtitution, which unites the advantages of all former governments, without their evils; a government as perfect, as the mind of its chief author, and which, if maintained in its pure ſpirit, will be eternal as his glory.

Europe is doomed to perpetual

diſcord and commotion. Diplomatic policy has ſpread its crafty net over all her cabinets, and bound them in eternal enmity. Impulſe given to one, cauſes them all to vibrate. Reaſon, policy and humanity, proteſted againſt our taking any part in the preſent unnatural war. A neutral poſition was the dictate of prudence and wiſdom. This enviable ſituation, by the firmneſs of our government, and the diſcretion of our chief magiſtrates, we have honorably maintained in defiance of foreign threats and domeſtic intrigue, in ſpite of royal plunderers and republican robbers.

The preſent is an alarming criſis. We have triumphed over foreign enemies,but we have now, to contend with ourſelves. We have to combat the powers of intrigue,that peſtilence,which walketh in darkneſs; a ſpirit of diſorganization, begotten by envy, and propagated by calumny, hypocriſy and atheiſm; which has applied the moſt captivating names to the worſt of crimes. A doctrine, in which all ſubordination is denominated oppreſſion; all government and law, deſpotiſm and tyranny. A new political philoſophy, which renders its diſciples all equal—equal in infamy, the ſcourges of mankind, the anti-chriſts of rational liberty.

Does any one doubt the pernicious effects of this wonderful philoſophy? Let him turn his eyes to Europe, and behold her in all her terrors. There, ſhe has raiſed herſelf a power, which like Aaron's ſerpent devours all others. There,by her influence deeds of horror have been committed, the bare relation of which would bliſter the tongue of ſavage cruelty; which would curdle the blood of cannibals! Thanks to the hero, who has arreſted the monſter in the midſt of her triumphs, and chained her down to military deſpotiſm. But the marks of her ravages, like thoſe of the deluge, will remain to lateſt poſterity.

Nearly all the evils, which convulſe the world at the preſent day, have ariſen from miſtaken ideas of the rights of man. Too feeble to defend himſelf againſt ſurrounding dangers, and to gain ſubſiſtence alone, man enters the ſocial compact for convenience and ſecurity. Yielding up his original independence, he voluntarily lays himſelf under the reſtraints of order, in return for protection and ſafety. Thus the embryo of ſociety is begotten by government, and nouriſhed on the boſom of ſubordination and law. Thus the popular doctrine of equality in a civilized ſtate, founded on error, and propagated by ignorance, is a ſoleciſm in politics. Civil liberty does not conſiſt in wandering at large over a barren wilderneſs; but in enjoying a cultivated garden, ſecure from the invaſion of all others. It is not marked by the unbounded limits of paſſion and will; but confined by the gentle reſtraints of doing whatever does not injure another. Hence, no ſociety can exiſt without government, no liberty without obedience to laws; and experience demonſtrates that "even the worſt of governments is preferable to none at all."

Can any true lover of his country reflect on the preſent ſituation of the world, the unnatural war which has ſpread havoc and deſtruction in every quarter of the globe, the millions which have fallen victims to its fury, the nations which have been ſwept away in its progreſs, without gratitude for the ſignal preſervation of America? What nation on earth enjoys ſo high a degree of freedom and happineſs? What government ſecures to its ſubjects their rights and liberties, like our own? Have we not a conſtitution of our own free choice; adminiſtered by men of our own election? Are not our rulers bound by the moſt ſolemn obligations of duty and conſcience for the faithful diſcharge of their truſts? Are they not under the higheſt reſponſibility? Can they purſue any oppreſſive meaſure, which will not equally effect themſelves? Will they not all return at the expiration of their offices, and mingle with the maſs of citizens? Ought not our unexampled national proſperity, enjoyed under our preſent adminiſtration, to inſpire public confidence? Is it not the higheſt demonſtration of the uprightneſs of our preſent political ſyſtem? Have we not for our chief magiſtrate, a ſtateſman, whoſe wiſdom and fidelity command the veneration of mankind; whoſe patriotiſm is teſtified by a life devoted to your ſervice; whoſe firm ſoul, to ſecure popular applauſe, never feared to execute the ſtern commands of juſtice; but whoſe mercy repentant guilt never implored in vain?—Reflect on theſe truths, ye foreign exiles, ye fugitive impoſtors, who criminate every public meaſure from a pretence of republican jealouſy; who view government and rulers through the diſtorted medium of your own prejudices; reflect, and tremble for your preſumption. Contemptible miſcreants! ſuſpicion and calumny are the deadly weapons, which you wield with nerves of malice. Do rulers faithfully diſcharge their truſt, they expect your abuſe. But the rays of your vengeance, darted upon them, ſerve only to brighten, but cannot conſume their merit.

Americans!

When we contemplate the vaſt extent of our country, the local advantages for commerce and agriculture, our national enterprize, the rapid increaſe of population and opulence, and the mighty empire to which we may poſſibly arrive, the mind expanded with the vaſt idea, ought to feel a generoſity of ſentiment, ſuperior to private prejudice, or party rancour, and to act worthy of the important occaſion. Our national exiſtence is inſeparably interwoven with our conſtitution. When this falls, it will bury our country in its ruins. The eyes of mankind are upon us. We are deſtined to demonſtrate by experiment the grand political problem, whether pure Republicaniſm is a bleſſing, made for man. Europe has rejected her; the eaſtern continent is unworthy of her; America is her laſt, her only aſylum. Should we caſt her off, ſhe would bid adieu to an ungrateful world, and return a-

gain to heaven. Our laws, our government, our religion, all demand our utmoſt exertion. The voice of poſterity, the cries of unborn millions call upon us, to unite for the public good. Our country is threatened not from foreign invaſion, but by domeſtic diſſention. By inflaming party diſcord we precipitate her downfall. In vain we ſupported an age of toils; in vain we fought, and bled in the defence of freedom, if it is unworthy of preſervation. Oh liberty—heavenly fugitive! dear to thy votaries only during the toils, the pangs, the agonies of thy birth. But when ſecured in peace, forſaken, perſecuted, deſtroyed. Fatal inconſiſtency! Infatuated Americans! Once the glory and admiration of the world; but ſoon to become the ſport of anarchy, a prey to civil diſſention. Once the ſcourge and terror of deſpots, but ſoon to fall the victims of yourſelves.—Ye graſs-grown monuments of our revolution! Ye dear heights, who inherſe within your boſoms the precious duſt of Warren and his brave warriors, ſhall forever witneſs our diſgrace! The indignant heroes, who fell in the cauſe of libetty, ſhall ſpring from their tombs, to brand their degenerated poſterity with curſes of infamy. From the high realms of bliſs the ſainted ſpirit of our departed father frowns with anger on his deluded children. The echo of each foot-ſtep is the voice of his admonition; he ſighs with every breeze, with every dew drop he ſheds an immortal tear.

But let us not too deeply ſhade the picture of future evils, nor overcharge the gloomy proſpect of our dangers. Repentance of our political errors may delay them; reformation will prevent them. A cheerful ſupport of our preſent adminiſtration will preſerve the tottering fabric of our liberty; national unanimity will render it immortal.

Columbian fair! generous diſpoſers of our happineſs, and amiable protectors of our felicity. To you it belongs to rule the milder empire of virtue. Long continue, as at preſent, the watchful guardians of our morals; and by the perſuaſive mildneſs of your converſation, and the ſovereign influence of your example, ſoothe party diſcord to friendſhip and unity. Remember, no heart can reſiſt the voice of patriotiſm, when urged by the lips of beauty and innocence.

Americans, the cloſe of the eighteenth century will be commemorative of the moſt diſtreſsful events. Our orphan ſtate had not unveiled her mournful face for the loſs of her patriot Sumner, before ſhe was ſummoned with all America to that agonizing event, which made "a nation fatherleſs, a world in tears." Ah! how different is this from our former anniverſaries. The ſhouts, which always ſpoke a nation's joy, are now drowned by a nation's ſighs. Afflicted countrymen! check not your tears. To weep for Waſhington is filial gratitude; to grieve is manly virtue. Wonderful man! heroic warrior, immortal legiſlator, father of America, parent of the patriots of all nations, benefactor of mankind

the praiſes of the whole congregated world would be too ſmall for thy virtues. Thy memory ſhall be cheriſhed by all ages, thy fame ſhall expand with creation, thy veneration ſhall increaſe with time, thy glory ſhall be commenſurate with eternity.

Ye ſainted patriots, who bore the toils of freedom; ye who glorioufly fell in the field of battle, and ye, who expired in the arms of a weeping country, while ye celebrate this anniverſary with new tranſports in the bliſsful courts of heaven for the preſence of your illuſtrious chief, oh bow your immortal heads, to accept the bleſſings of your grateful country. Aſſembled before the altar of our independence, we all ſwear to defend thoſe rights purchaſed by your toils; to obey the laſt precepts of our great political father; and to unite with zeal in the cauſe of God and our country.

Imagination withdraws the curtain from futurity, and unfolds to our enrapturing view that joyful era, when the riſing ſun of glory ſhall arrive to its meridian ſplendor in this weſtern hemiſphere; when the empire of America ſhall be unbounded as her happineſs; when the deep rooted thrones of deſpotiſm ſhall crumble into ruin; when thy temple, O Liberty, ſhall be the whole concave of heaven; thy altar the hearts of all mankind; when a new world ſhall emerge from the chaos of the old, and a new WASHINGTON to render it happy.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE. No. XLIV.

A new theory of Liberty.

THE preſent is an age of theories. Philoſophy for years paſt has been ſyſtem-mad; and the whole world ſeems about to become the bedlam of her diſciples. In vain do the greateſt orators, ſtateſmen, and divines, extol the old order of things, and cry down novelty. The attractions of novelty are ſtill more powerful than the voice of eloquence, the charms of graceful periods, or the authority of reaſon.

Even in grave Old England the new diſcovery of a ſtar, that ſcarce ever ſcattered a beam of light upon its inhabitants, has excited more admiration than the ſun, moon, and all the viſible lamps of heaven, that have, time out of mind, been trimmed and burning for their common uſe. The ſober monarch of this Iſland has atteſted his rage for novelty in the remoteſt heavens, by chriſtening with his own name this new edition to an old ſyſtem.

To compare ſmall with great, thou, Reader, art giving another

proof of thy love of novelty. Caught by the title of this number, thy eye is tracing my pen with an avidity, which has ſeldom been its attendant, when puſuing its common, though far more uſeful courſe.

Extreme evils ſometimes counteract themſelves. Perhaps the kingdom of ſyſtems, divided againſt itſelf, like Satan's, will fall to the ground. With ſubmiſſion to wiſer politicians and philoſophers, I ſhall oppoſe a new theory of liberty to all thoſe more deſtructive ones, which have employed ſo many contending ſwords and pens in their defenſive and offenſive operations.

It is this:

All nations have an equal ſhare of freedom.

And am I, fayeſt thou, as much a ſlave as the ſubject of the Eaſtern deſpot?—Preciſely.—As well might it be aſſerted that Brag-dig-nag, and the Lilliputians were born of the ſame mother. Is not the Aſiatic compelled in dull ſervility to tread the ſame track of profeſſional employment with his father, and forefathers; and obliged to quit his repoſe at dawn, and pay his profane homage to the riſing ſun? Is not even the exerciſe of his reaſon forbidden by the dogmas of an abſurd and ſanguine religion; and every right of freemen abridged, by the more abſurd and cruel deſpotiſm of man?

The anſwer is, tyranny has various qualities, and appears in different forms. The quantity is the ſame in all countries and ages. The water which is forced thro' an aqueduct, is ſubject to the tyranny of the tube which confines it. That which meanders in nature's eaſier path, through winding vallies, is occaſionally dictated in its courſe by the lordly banks: If their ſway is not ſo abſolute, the ſurplus of freedom is wiped off by the domination of the capricious winds, or angry tempeſt.

While Law, with a partial hand, is meaſuring out varied portions of reſtraint to man, in the different parts of the world; Faſhion, with her thouſand wings, is flying from place to place, to fill up the full meaſure of his oppreſſion.

In the dark reign of popery, the tyrant Law, at the "curfeu's knell," drove moping man to the priſon of his own houſe, extinguiſhed the cheering lamp, and laid him under the requiſition of his wife at eight in the evening. Dark ages, indeed, when ſober night, clad in her ſable robes, purſued her ſolemn courſe unlighted round the world!

But ſince night, with the mind of man has become illuminated, and the reſtraints of law broken down by a "flood of day;" what is the acquiſition on the ſcore of freedom?—Faſhion binds man to his bed, and deprives him of the richeſt repaſt that heaven gives to earth, the enjoyment of the "golden morn!" Not ſated with this tyranny, ſhe drives him like a "whip-galled ſlave," through the dreary abodes of night, harraſſed and ſickened with all the expenſive toil of her painful pleaſures.

In ſome countries the tyrant Law, lays his enormous tax on the merchant's and tradeſman's thrift, and "wrings from the hard hands

of peaſants their vile traſh." In ours, more cruel Faſhion, like modern France, impoſes her incalculable requiſitions on all claſſes without diſtinction.

In China, inexorable cuſtom lays its hard reſtraint on the female, and with a ſhoe, fitted to the infant's feet, curbs the expanſive power of nature from the cradle to the grave: nor is its ſway leſs arbitrary over male, than female, in moſt countries of Aſia. It lays its reſtraint on the vanity of both, by enacting the ſame mode of dreſs, from age to age. In America, this tyranny of law and cuſtom is not known. But Faſhion ſupplies the deficiency, by her deſpotic and capricious ſway over every article of dreſs and ornament, from the toe of the ſhoe, to the cockade that riſes at her beck, on the hat of her patriotic ſons, and the feather that waves on the bonnet of her obedient daughters.

At her ſimple dictum, without rule or reaſon, the moſt coſtly garments muſt be laid aſide, and new ones, more congenial to her fancy, purchaſed in their ſtead.

Theſe are ſome of the facts, which lead me to conclude, that the tyranny of Faſhion, is in the inverſe proportion to the tyranny of law, and eſtabliſhed cuſtoms; and that the compound proportion of both, forms the true ratio, and equal portion of oppreſſion in all countries.

If there are any exceptions to this general rule, I ſhall leave it with more accurate obſervers to determine whether the balance lies in favor of the vaſſals of deſpotic tyrants, and rigorous laws; or the ſlaves of faſhion, and freedom.

From a PHILADELPHIA PAPER.

ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF BOXFORD PARISH, MASSACHUSETTS.

A PARAGRAPH, under the Newburyport head, of June 10th, states that a number of the inhabitants of Upper Boxford Pariſh aſſembled the day after the election, for the purpoſe of killing Black Birds; that in the courſe of that day, they deſtroyed 1575 birds and eggs. The account concluded with a "recommendation for our farmers generally, where thoſe pernicious birds abound, to turn out the ſame ſeaſon annually, for a ſimilar purpoſe."

As an American, having the agricultural intereſt at heart, I offer this addreſs to the farmers generally, and hope they will appreciate the motive.

The ſtudy of nature has been my favorite purſuit of late years, and while collecting ſubjects of natural hiſtory for my muſeum, I have always been delighted in viewing the economy and manners of various animals whoſe ſupport and very exiſtence depend on each other: thus forming a grand

fyſtem of unity, manifeſting the boundleſs wiſdom and goodneſs of the great Creator.

In one of my lectures on birds, which I delivered laſt winter, deſcribing black birds, I quoted Pennant, p. 256, who ſays, "ſome of the colonies have eſtabliſhed a reward of three pence a dozen, for the extirpation of the jackdaws: and in *New-England*, the intent was almoſt effected to the coſt of the inhabitants; who at length diſcovered that Providence had not formed even theſe ſeemingly deſtructive birds in vain. Notwithſtanding they cauſed ſuch havoc among the grain, they made ample recompence by clearing it of noxious worms, the catterpillar of the *bruclus piſi*, or pea beatle, in particular; as ſoon as the birds were deſtroyed, the reptiles had full leave to multiply; the conſequence was the total loſs of the graſs, in 1749; when the New-Englanders, late repentance, were obliged to get their *hay* from *Pennſylvania*, and even from G. Britain."

This may be conſidered as a caſe in point. Many other animals alſo claim your protection, and I am ſorry to find ſeveral celebrated authors have ſuffered their prejudices to ſuſpend their enquiry after truth, while they deſcribe animals as noxious, which, on a fuller inveſtigation, would be found highly uſeful to man: ſuch are the wood-peckers.

They are ſurely ſuperficial obſervers, who ſay, thoſe birds deſtroy our fruit trees. If they pick holes in the bark, what is it for? but to get the worms that they hear knawing within, which if left alone, would ſpeedily ſap whole orchards: thus inſtead of ſuch quantities of choice pippins, we ſhould not have a ſingle apple tree left to give us fruit. Beſides, does not the beautiful variegated plumage of the woodpecker delight the eye, as we paſs along the road, or ramble thro' the foreſt? Are not their ſhrill notes a fine contraſt to the cooing turtle-dove? How pleaſing theſe varieties of warblers! Even the rattle which the woodpeckers ſometimes make on the roof of the barn is infinitely more pleaſing to my ear, than the rub-a-dub of the ſoldier's drum, or the clangor of trumpet's ſound: the fore runners of rapine and murder.

Theſe numerous birds that live on flies of various kinds, how immenſely uſeful to man and other animals, who have a conſiderable dependence on the vegetable creation for food! Then wherefore kill the bird which deſtroys a numerous and ſubtle enemy?

The chain of mutual dependence may be traced in a thouſand turns, and the diſcontented grumbler ſhould be taught to know, that this world was not made for him alone.

Not to extend further in a newspaper addreſs, I will conclude with an earneſt endeavour to defend a very harmleſs and uſeful, tho' hated reptile. I mean the black and garter ſnakes. They are the farmer's beſt friends, as they feed on field mice and other animals, which might otherwiſe increaſe too faſt. Examine their mouths, and you will find that they have no fangs to inflict poiſon—their ſmall teeth will not

hurt ſo much as the ſcratch of a braſs pin. An extended acquaintance of theſe and numbers of other animals of our country, would have at leaſt the advantage of curing us of uſeleſs fears and ſlaviſh antipathies, and thus give us freedom to contemplate the beauties of nature; thereby to promote ſentiments of benevolence to all. Such is the wiſh of

C. W. PEALE.

Muſeum, June 18, 1800.

ESSAY ON LYING.

PHILOSOPHERS and revolutioniſts, as well as periodical writers, are continually complaining, and ſometimes with tears in their eyes, of an inveterate adherence to received opinions, and of the unconquerable power of prejudice. So fully am I convinced of its force, I can ſcarcely perſuade myſelf to publiſh an eſſay in defence of lying, notwithſtanding the beneficial effects of this polite practice muſt be obviouſly apparent to every unprejudiced mind; and I ſhould probably, at this moment ſhrink from the taſk, if I did not feel myſelf authorized to practiſe on my own theory, and abſolutely diſclaim every ſentiment, which this eſſay contains

In treating of this ſubject, I ſhall not content myſelf with a juſtification of that ſpecies of falſehood merely, uſually denominated *white lies;* an extravagant repreſentation, not intended to be credited. No one certainly of the leaſt degree of liberality can cenſure a practice ſo innocent, and, at the ſame time, ſo amuſing. I will go farther. I will maintain, there are a thouſand other lies, told every day, with a ſerious intention to be believed, equally juſtifiable.

When a good natured landlady, at a country tavern, tells me ſhe is very ſorry ſhe can give me no freſh meat for dinner: that ten half ſtarved teamſters called at her houſe for a breakfaſt, ate up two quarters of lamb, a ſhoulder of veal, and the laſt pair of chickens ſhe had in the houſe; that there has not been the time for ſix months, when ſhe has been without freſh meat; though I cannot believe three words of this ſtatement, I feel no inclination to cenſure, becauſe the good lady ſeems ſenſible that ſuch articles ought to be at her command.

When I hear a young lady, about fifteen minutes after I have entered a houſe, come down the chamber ſtairs, ſee her ſmooth down the long ſleeves of a clean looſe gown, as ſhe enters the room; and then hear her ſay ſhe did not know any body was there, or ſhe would not have been looking *quite* ſo bad; though I eaſily diſcern her intention to deceive, I cannot but applaud it, becauſe ſhe diſcovers, by this artifice, a degree of laudable ambition.

When I ask a man for a debt of five dollars, and he tells me, he has just had to pay fifty pounds, where he was bound for an absconded neighbour; though, I very well know, he never had two pounds, at one time, in his life, I readily pardon the falsehood, because, I find, my debtor knows humanity is a virtue, and has a very proper abhorrence of a jail.

When a friend solicits the loan of a dollar to pay his club at a pleasure party, and informs me he left his loose cash at his lodgings, when he changed his apparel; though I am confident he has not changed an article of his dress for a fortnight, I more readily lend him the money, because I perceive my friend very well knows, a man ought to change his dress, when he goes into company.

Such lies as those I have enumerated, every unprejudiced mind must readily approve and encourage. For another class, more numerous, and, I may add, more important than any yet mentioned, we are indebted to the ingenuity of those agreeable gentlemen, usually denominated men of the world. What should we think of the anecdotes of these pleasing gentlemen, if they were confined to a dry detail of fact? I allude more particularly to the narrations of those occurrences, in which these gentlemen themselves were immediately concerned. Are we not indebted for the "wonderful, the strange, the passing strange," in these narratives to a prosaic fiction and license rarely surpassed by poetic frenzy? Would any man, in his senses, be so stupid as to curtail his own amusement, by abridging the fancy and the powers of his entertainer? We are pleased with their anecdotes and representations; not because we believe them, but because, like poetry, they discover invention; and, if any one is so superstitious as to condemn, because they are lies, I hope he will be condemned to hear nothing but dull plain truth as long as he lives. M.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

[*Related by* HORACE WALPOLE.]

THE following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments

of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was preſent, a count of Pulverini, I think, held out a purſe of one hundred ſequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver his unhappy family. But the riſk was ſo great of being borne down by the rapidity of the ſtream, of being daſhed againſt the fragments of the bridge, or of being cruſhed by the falling ſtones, that not one, in the vaſt number of ſpectators, had courage enough to attempt ſuch an exploit.

A peaſant, paſſing along, was informed of the propoſed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by ſtrength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile; and the whole family ſafely deſcended, by means of a rope.

"Courage!" cried he, "now you are ſafe."

By a ſtill more ſtrenuous effort, and great ſtrength of arm, he brought the boat and family to ſhore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purſe to him, "here is the promiſed recompence."

"I ſhall never expoſe my life for money," anſwered the peaſant, "my labour is a ſufficient livelihood for myſelf, my wife, and children. Give the purſe to this poor family, which has loſt all."

SELF-LOVE.

WHEN Appelles was about to execute a picture of Venus, the goddeſs of love and of beauty, his object was to concentrate every delicacy of expreſſion, and every grace of contour, of which the human form is ſuſceptible; but whom ſhould he chooſe for a model? He had called a thouſand beauteous females each a Venus in her turn: but that was the language of love—now he muſt examine the fulneſs of their form, and the accuracy of their proportions, with the rigour of a critic, and the eye of an artiſt. In each was diſcovered ſome partial imperfection; from aſſembling the beauties of them all, at laſt he completed his Venus. The damſels, to whom the painter had been indebted, flocked with overflowing impatience to behold themſelves in the picture, which had ſpread the renown of Appelles through every city of Greece. "Yes," ſaid Galatea, caſting a carleſs glance at the canvas, "he has really hit my complexion,"—and went away ſatisfied that ſhe was Venus. Sapphira came—and bluſhed—and ſmiled. "Poor creatures!" ſaid Aſpaſia; "they will burſt with envy, for he has copied me to the very ſhape of my fingers." Appelles had indeed copied the fingers of Aſpaſia, but that was all.

The moral is, that many per-

ſons poſſeſſing a ſingle feature, or limb, or talent, or diſpoſition, worthy of praiſe or attention, in an evil hour, conſcious of their endowment, ſhall extend it to the whole of their figure and character, and ſo believe themſelves very perfect.

EXTRACT FROM THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

SAGACITY, promptitude, and energy, were the predominating traits of lord Chatham's character. His ruling paſſion was an ambitious love of glory, but it was of an honourable and virtuous kind; he practiſed no meanneſs to obtain it, and his private life was unſullied by any vice. He was conſcious of his virtues and talents, and therefore appeared impatient of contradiction in public affairs; but in ſociety he could unbend to all companies, and poſſeſſed ſuch a fund of intelligence and verſatility of wit, that he could adapt himſelf to all circumſtances and occaſions.

In the higher parts of oratory he had no competitor, and ſtood alone the rival of antiquity. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as the declamatory ſpecies. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſuch dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe who were the moſt willing and the beſt able to encounter him. Their arms fell from their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant which his genius had gained over theirs. The fluent Murray has faultered, and Fox, lord Holland, ſhrunk back appalled, from an adverſary "fraught with fire unquenchable," if the expreſſion may be permitted.

"He could adapt himſelf to every topic, but dignity was the character of his oratory, and his perſonal greatneſs gave weight to the ſtyle he aſſumed. His aſſertions roſe into proof, his foreſight became prophecy. No clue was neceſſary to the labyrinth illumined by his genius. Truth came forth at his bidding, and realized the wiſh of the philoſopher; ſhe was ſeen and beloved."

When the important queſtion of general warrants was diſcuſſed, his love of rational liberty broke forth in ſtrains to which a Tully or a Demoſthenes would have liſtened with eager ſatisfaction. He declared them repugnant to every principle of freedom. Were they tolerated, the moſt innocent could not be ſecure. "By the Britiſh conſtitution," continued he, "every man's houſe is his caſtle: not that it is ſurrounded by walls and battlements;—it may be a ſtrawbuilt ſhed;—every wind of heaven may whiſtle round it;—all the elements of heaven may enter it;—but the king cannot—the king dare not."

INCREASE OF THE POPULATION AND ENTERPRIZE OF AMERICA.

[*Extracted from the Speech of* EDMUND BURKE, *on moving his Reſolutions for conciliati on with the Colonies.*]

THE firſt thing that we have to conſider with regard to the nature of the object is—the number of people in the Colonies. I have taken for ſome years a good deal of pains on that point. I can by no calculation juſtify myſelf in placing the number below Two Millions of inhabitants of our own European blood and colour; beſides at leaſt 500,000 others, who form no inconſiderable part of the ſtrength and opulence of the whole. This, Sir, is, I believe, about the true number. There is no occaſion to exaggerate, where plain truth is of ſo much weight and importance. But whether I put the preſent numbers too high or too low, is a matter of little moment. Such is the ſtrength with which population ſhoots in that part of the world, that ſtate the numbers as high as we will, whilſt the diſpute continues, the exaggeration ends. Whilſt we are diſcuſſing any given magnitude, they are grown to it. Whilſt we ſpend our time in deliberating on the mode of governing Two Millions, we ſhall find we have Millions more to manage. Your children do not grow faſter from infancy to manhood, than they ſpread from families to communities, and from villages to nations.

I cannot prevail on myſelf to hurry over this great conſideration. It is good for us to be here. We ſtand where we have an immenſe view of what is, and what is paſt. Clouds indeed, and darkneſs, reſt upon the future. Let us however, before we deſcend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national proſperity has happened within the ſhort period of the life of man. It has happened within Sixty-eight years. There are thoſe alive whoſe memory might touch the two extremities. For inſtance, my Lord Bathurſt might remember all the ſtages of the progreſs. He was in 1704 of an age, at leaſt to be made to comprehend ſuch things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ ſit poterit cognoſcere virtus*—Suppoſe, Sir, that the angel of this auſpicious youth, forſeeing the many virtues, which made him one of the moſt amiable, as he is one of the moſt fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in viſion, that when, in the fourth generation, the third Prince of the Houſe of Brunſwick had ſat Twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy iſſue of moderate and healing councils) was to be made Great Britain, he ſhould ſee his ſon, Lord Chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raiſe him to an higher rank of Peerage, whilſt he enriched the family with a new one—If amidſt theſe bright and happy ſcenes of domeſtic honour and proſperity,

that angel ſhould have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the riſing glories of his country, and whilſt he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius ſhould point out to him a little ſpeck, ſcarce viſible in the maſs of the national intereſt, a ſmall ſeminal principle, rather than a formed body, and ſhould tell him—"Young man, there is America—which at this day ſerves for little more than to amuſe you with ſtories of ſavage men, and uncouth manners; yet ſhall, before you taſte of death, ſhew itſelf equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progreſſive increaſe of improvement, brought by varieties of people, by ſucceſſion of civilizing conqueſts and civilizing ſettlements in a ſeries of Seventeen Hundred years, you ſhall ſee as much added to her by America in the courſe of a ſingle life?" If this ſtate of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the ſanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthuſiaſm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to ſee it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to ſee nothing that ſhall vary the proſpect, and cloud the ſetting of this day!

Excuſe me, Sir, if turning from ſuch thoughts I reſume this comparative view once more. You have ſeen it on a large ſcale; look at it on a ſmall one. I will point out to your attention a particular inſtance of it in the ſingle province of Pennſylvania. In the year 1704, that province called for 11,459*l.* in value of your commodities, native and foreign. This was the whole. What did it demand in 1772? Why nearly Fifty times as much; for in that year the export to Pennſylvania was 507,909 *l.* nearly equal to the export to all the Colonies together in the firſt period.

I chooſe, Sir, to enter into theſe minute and particular details; becauſe generalities, which in all other caſes are apt to heighten and raiſe the ſubject, have here a tendency to ſink it. When we ſpeak of the commerce with our Colonies, fiction lags after truth; invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

So far, Sir, as to the importance of the object in the view of its commerce, as concerned in the exports from England. If I were to detail the imports, I could ſhew how many enjoyments they procure, which deceive the burthen of life; how many materials which invigorate the ſprings of national induſtry, and extend and animate every part of our foreign and domeſtic commerce. This would be a curious ſubject indeed—but I muſt preſcribe bounds to myſelf in a matter ſo vaſt and various.

I paſs therefore to the Colonies in another point of view, their agriculture. This they have proſecuted with ſuch a ſpirit, that, beſides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has ſome years ago exceeded a Million in value. Of their laſt harveſt, I am perſuaded, they will export

much more. At the beginning of the century, ſome of theſe Colonies imported corn from the mother country. For ſome time paſt, the old world has been fed from the new. The ſcarcity which you have felt would have been a deſolating famine; If this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breaſt of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhauſted parent.

As to the wealth which the Colonies have drawn from the ſea by their fiſheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You ſurely thought thoſe acquiſitions of value; for they ſeemed even to excite your envy; and yet the ſpirit, by which that enterprizing employment has been exerciſed, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raiſed your eſteem and admiration. And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Paſs by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fiſhery. Whilſt we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepeſt frozen receſſes of Hudſon's Bay, and Davis's Streights, whilſt we are looking for them beneath the Arctic circle, we hear that they have peirced into the oppoſite region of polar cold, that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen ſerpent of the ſouth. Faulkland Iſland, which ſeemed too remote and romantic an object for the graſp of national ambition, is but a ſtage and reſting-place in the progreſs of their victorious induſtry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more diſcouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilſt ſome of them draw the line and ſtrike the harpoon on the coaſt of Africa, others run the longitude, and purſue their gigantic game along the coaſt of Brazil. No ſea but what is vexed by their fiſheries. No climate that is not witneſs to their toils. Neither the perſeverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dextrous and firm ſagacity of Engliſh enterprize, ever carried this moſt perilous mode of hardy induſtry to the extent to which it has been puſhed by this recent people; who are ſtill, as it were, but in the griſtle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate theſe things; when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not ſqueezed into this happy form by the conſtraints of watchful and ſuſpicious government, but that through a wiſe and ſalutary neglect, a generous nature has been ſuffered to take her own way to perfection: when I reflect upon theſe effects, when I ſee how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power ſink, and all preſumption in the wiſdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon ſomething to the ſpirit of Liberty.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH COMEDY.

[*From* KAIMS's *Elements of Criticiſm.*]

THE Engliſh comedy, copying the manners of the court, became abominably licentious; and continues ſo with very little ſoftening. It is there an eſtabliſhed rule, to deck out the chief characters with every vice in faſhion, however groſs. But, as ſuch characters viewed in a true light would be diſguſtful, care is taken to diſguiſe their deformity under the embelliſhments of wit, ſprightlineſs, and good humour, which in mixed company makes a capital figure. It requires not much thought to diſcover the poiſonous influence of ſuch plays. A young man of figure, emancipated at laſt from the ſeverity and reſtraint of a college education, repairs to the capital diſpoſed to every ſort of exceſs. The playhouſe becomes his favourite amuſement; and he is enchanted with the gaiety and ſplendor of the chief perſonages. The diſguſt which vice gives him at firſt, ſoon wears off, to make way for new notions, more liberal in his opinion; by which a ſovereign contempt of religion, and a declared war upon the chaſtity of wives, maids, and widows, are converted from being infamous vices to be faſhionable virtues. The infection ſpreads gradually through all ranks, and becomes univerſal. How gladly would I liſten to any one who ſhould undertake to prove, that what I have been deſcribing is chimerical! but the diſſoluteneſs of our young men of birth will not ſuffer me to doubt of its reality. Sir Harry Wildair has completed many a rake; and in the *Suſpicious Huſband*, Ranger, the humble imitator of Sir Harry, has had no ſlight influence in ſpreading that character. What woman tinctured with the playhouſe morals, would not be the ſprightly, the witty, though diſſolute Lady Townly, rather than the cold, the ſober, though virtuous Lady Grace? How odious ought writers to be who thus employ the talents they have from their Maker moſt traitorouſly againſt himſelf, by endeavouring to corrupt and diſfigure his creatures! If the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorſe in his laſt moments, he muſt have been loſt to all ſenſe of virtue. Nor will it afford any excuſe to ſuch writers, that their comedies are entertaining; unleſs it could be maintained, that wit and ſprightlineſs are better ſuited to a vicious than a virtuous character. It would grieve me to think ſo; and the direct contrary is exemplified in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, where we are highly entertained with the conduct of two ladies, not more remarkable for mirth and ſpirit than for the ſtricteſt purity of manners.

ON CALUMNY.

IT is a remark worthy of notice, that though nothing is more generally deſpiſed than calumny, yet few can place ſufficient ſecurity in themſelves at all times to avoid it. If from a diſcuſſion of another's merits we are too frequently induced, by private reſentment, to calumniate his character, nothing more truly characteriſes a generous mind than the mode of cenſure. If we examine our own actions: if, diveſted of prejudice, we invert our optics into the receſſes of the heart, we ſhall then find all tendency to detraction ſtop by the conſideration of our own faults, and ſpare giving our opinions in a manner that ſavors of ill natured ſeverity.

That man can have but little pretence to merit, who is willing to exalt himſelf by declaiming againſt another's imperfections; becauſe it can only be a property of the Divine Nature to be exempt from evil.—We entertain ſo many ideas from prejudice, that even innocence cannot at all times eſcape; and too frequently impute thoſe failings to others which we evidently poſſeſs in an abundant degree.

Thoſe whoſe minds are unemployed in rational purſuits, or who do not poſſeſs that generous candour which flows from a liberal education, are often engaged in ſchemes prejudicial to the intereſts of individuals. They explore other people's buſineſs, and publiſh every circumſtance to his diſadvantage; but theſe characters are univerſally ſhunned as a peſt to ſociety. They cannot taſte the ſweets of friendſhip, becauſe they are unable to feel ſincerely for any; and drag on a miſerable exiſtence, execrated and deſpiſed by all who knew them. Nor are theſe the only diſadvantages reſulting from detraction; for the injured party frequently ſeek redreſs, and that at the diſgrace, and prehaps ruin, of the offender.

In fine, there cannot exiſt a more odious character than the calumniator. He is the bane of ſociety, and diſſolver of all ſocial obligations. —He ſows diſſenſion between friends and relatives, and engenders a diſtaſte for each other that ends but with life: and, in my opinion, I cannot cloſe this ſubject better than offering the following quotation from an antient author: "That he who pretends to correct the vices of others ought himſelf to be free from the imputation of blame."

WOMAN; AN APOLOGUE.

A BEAUTIFUL woman and her huſband were once loſt in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all ſides they heard nothing but the ſhrill whiſtle of robbers, or the long cries

of wolves; the ſky too was tempeſtuous. The female became at once motionleſs through fear.

"What will become of us?" cried ſhe, clinging round her huſband.

"Let us continue our journey, my love," he replied coolly.

"But, good Heavens! the robbers?"

"Well, then, let us return."

"Oh, that's worſe! the wild beaſts?"

"What would you have then?"

"Leave this place."

"We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning; chooſe which."

The female then ſhut her eyes, ſtopped her ears, and ſuffered herſelf to be conducted by her huſband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our reſpective diſtinctions, and the difference of our employments by the difference of our conformation. A taller ſtature, a more ſolid and leſs flexible organization, indicate the honorable duties of man. Here the laws of nature and ſociety accord.

"Woman and man," ſays Rouſſeau, "are made for each other, but their mutual dependence is not equal. Men depend upon women by their deſires; women upon men by their deſires and their wants."

Women were created to be the companions of man, to pleaſe him, to ſolace him in his miſeries, to conſole him in his ſorrows, and not to partake with him the fatigues of war, of the ſciences, and of government. Warlike women, learned women, and women who are politicians, equally abandon the circle which nature and inſtitutions have traced round their ſex; they convert themſelves into men. They renounce the empire which they inevitably exerciſed by their weakneſs, to run vainly after the more equivocal empire of force. We hear of women that have fought, written, and governed with ſucceſs. What does this prove? The exception does not deſtroy the rule. And, beſides, where is the feeling and amiable woman who would exchange the ineffable happineſs of being loved for the unſubſtantial pleaſures of fame?—Where is the man who would have preferred Joan of Arc to the mild and timid Agnes of Sorel? We admire the maſculine mind of Elizabeth; but we love Mary queen of Scots.

From a LONDON PAPER.

SCARBOROUGH, MARCH 15, 1800.

THE LIFE BOAT.

THE ingenious artiſt, the lover of ſcience, and the friend of humanity, will be equally gratified with the account of a boat, emphatically called the Life Boat, invented and conſtructed by Mr.

Henry Greathead, of South Shields, for the preſervation of Shipwrecked mariners. The admirable qualities of this boat render it perfectly ſafe and governable in the moſt agitated ſea. It reſiſts the ſhock of the impetuous wave, without overturning, and from the quantity of cork (700 wt.)affixed to it,poſſeſſes an extraordinary buoyancy ; experience has confirmed its ſafety and utility in the moſt dangerous ſituations, and it contributed in an eminent degree to preſerve the crews of the numerous veſſels lately ſtranded at the entrance of Tinemouth haven, without the intervention of a ſingle unfavourable accident to the boat, amidſt the moſt tremendous waves. The following is a deſcription of its conſtruction.

The Life Boat is thirty feet in length, and the breadth is one third of the length with both the ends alike. The keel of the boat is a three inch plank, bearing a proportional breadth in the midſhips, narrowing towards the ends to the thickneſs of the bottom of the ſtems, and forming a convex downwards ; the ſtems are ſegments of a circle with a conſiderable rake ; the bottom ſection to the floor heads, is a curve with the ſweep of the keel ; the floor has a ſmall riſe, from the keel to the floor heads, curving ; a bilge plank is worked on each ſide, next the floor heads, with a double rabbit (grove) of a thickneſs ſimilar to the keel, on the outſide of which are fixed two bilge ſtre's correſponding nearly upon a level with the keel ; the ends of the bottom ſection form the part of a coble bow, more elipticle to the top projecting conſiderably, each end the ſame ; the ſides from the floor heads to the top of the gunwale, flaunch on each ſide, in proportion to half the breadth of one ſide of the floor ; the breadth is continued well toward the ends, leaving a ſufficient length of ſtrait ſide at the top ; the ſheer is regular along the ſtrait ſide, and more elevated towards the ends ; the gunwale is fixed on the outſide ; the outſide is caſed with cork the whole length of the regular ſheer, from the under part of the gunwale to two thirds down the depth of the ſide ; the cork has ſeveral layers or thickneſſes,ſo as to project, at the top a little without the gunwale,and is ſecured with plates of copper ; the thwarts are five in number, all ſtationed, and double banked, with ten oars ; the oars are ſhort, with iron tholes and grommets to enable the rowers to pull either way ; the boat is ſteered with an oar at either end, and the ſteering oar is one third longer than the rowing oar ; the platform in the bottom is placed horizontally the length of the midſhips, and the ſides from the bottom to the under part of the thwarts, are caſed with cork ; at the ends, the platform is more elevated, for the convenience of the ſteerman, and to give him a greater command of power with the oar.

PRACTICAL REMARKS.

The curving keel and bottom admit the boat to be turned with facility, render it ſafer in the ſea, and more freely ſteered ; the great rake of the ſtems, with the fine

entrance below, forming part of the coble bow (a conſtruction ſuperior to all others in a high ſea and broken water) with the projection to the top of the gunwale, are the means, when the boat is conducted to head the ſea, of dividing the waves, which generally break into a common boat; the breadth being continued well to the ends, ſupports the boat in the ſea, when rowing againſt the wave; and both ends being ſimilar, ſhe is always in a poſition to be rowed either way, without turning; the addition of the ſtantions under the thwarts admit the boatman to act with a firmer force; and in the inſtance of ſtriking the ground, the weight of the men by the communication of the ſtantions, will in ſome degree reſiſt the ſhock. The advantage of the ſhort oar in the high ſea is obvious, it is more manageable, and permits the boatman to keep his ſeat; but the long oar in the midſt of agitated waves would be unweildy, and the ſtroke frequently uncertain; the cork on the outſide is a moſt excellent defence and diſplaces a large column of water; and it has been proved by experiment to float the boat, even with the principle part of the bottom out; the great projection of the cork on the outſide, alſo prevent the boat from overturning. The beſt method of conducting the boat is, to head the ſea, and from its admirable conſtruction, aided by the force of the oars, it will launch over the wave with rapidity, without taking in any water. The perſon who ſteers the boat ſhould be acquainted with the courſe of the tides, in order to take every poſſible advantage; and great care ſhould be had in approaching the wreck that the boat be not damaged, as there is frequently a ſtrong reflux of the ſea near the wreck. In ſuch caſes, a ſmall anchor and a line may be uſeful to veer the boat along ſide of the wreck. When the wind blows to the land, the boat will return to the ſhore before the wind and the ſea, without any other effort than ſteering.

The excellent properties of the life boat muſt render it peculiarly uſeful in ſuch ſituations as thoſe of Deal and Yarmouth, and it cannot be to ſtrongly recommended. The inhabitants of Scarborough have raiſed a ſubſcription for the purpoſe of having one built for the uſe of the port, agreeably to a plan ſent by Mr. Greathead; and it would be happy if the life boat were brought into general uſe wherever the ſituation is ſuitable. The moſt ample and reſpectable teſtimonies of the extraordinary utility of the boat, in the preſervation of the lives of ſhipwrecked mariners, may be obtained from Shields and Sunderland; and the duke of Northumberland received ſuch conviction of its eminent qualities, that he cauſed one, 30 feet in length to be built for the uſe of North Shields, at his own expence.

To the ingenuity of Mr Greathead, the public is indebted for one of the moſt uſeful improvements, and he is juſtly entitled to a remuneration. The dedication

of a leiſure moment on the ſubject, will be deemed amply recompenced, if theſe obſervations ſhould contribute to introduce this valuable boat into more general uſe.

THOMAS HINDERWELL.

ANECDOTES.

CAPTAIN Chriſtie, an Iriſh officer, who ſerved with conſiderable credit in America, had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles there. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate ſoldier, who was near him, and was alſo ſeverely wounded, made a terrible howling, at which Chriſtie exclamied, "D-mn your eyes, what do you make ſuch a noiſe for, do you think nobody is *killed* but yourſelf."

A VERY devout fellow not being able to pleaſe his nice piety in his prayers, uſed only to repeat the alphabet, and then to add, "O Lord God, put theſe letters into ſyllables, and theſe ſyllables into words, and theſe words into ſentences, that may be moſt for my real good."

AN old officer of diſtinction, and of tried valour, refuſed to accept a challenge ſent him by a young adventurer; but returned the following anſwer: "I fear not your ſword, but the anger of my God. I dare venture my life in a good cauſe, but cannot hazard my ſoul in a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth, for the good of my country; but I want courage to ſtorm hell."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in foreign parts, happened to be benighted, far from any place of accommodation: to avoid the drearineſs of the night, in a ſtrange place, he thought it adviſable to ſeek for ſome ſhelter, and having diſcovered a cave, he diſmounted his horſe, which he faſtened by the bridle on the out ſide of the cave, and then went in and laid down in his clothes, and being much fatigued, fell a ſleep, nor did he awake till the daylight appeared; when lo! to his great aſtoniſhment, he found himſelf ſuſpended by his heels from the roof of the cave. He made many efforts to free himſelf from ſo diſagreeable a ſituation, when at length he ſhuffled his legs out of his boots and came to the ground, almoſt ſtunned by the fall; when looking up he perceived the cauſe of this diſaſter was owing to the cave being formed out of a rock of loadſtone, and he unfortunately having ſteel ſpurs on, was attracted up in the manner deſcribed; and ſome ſay the boots are hanging there yet.

Poetry.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

FROM THE PARNASSIAN SHOP OF *PETER QUINCE*, ESQ.

SIMON PETER's ADIEU TO THE CITY.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Uti prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni foenore. HORACE.

TO the city I've bid an adieu!
To its pleasures and parties farewell!
Nor can they entrap me anew;
Or call me once more from my cell.

I believ'd midst the Rich and the Great,
Mild *Contentment* and *Happiness* dwelt;
That they blunted the arrows of fate.
And seldom keen misery felt.

That time flew with pinions of down,
While *Charity* brighten'd his way;
And *Peace*, on her olive-branch crown,
Recorded the deeds of each day.

That *Justice*, with mercy attir'd,
Heard the cause of the poor and oppress'd;
Check'd the tongue, with malevolence fir'd,
And the wrongs of the feeble redress'd.

The delusion is over and past,
And the tinsel, which misery clad,
Is remov'd by my reason, at last—
And I mourn that the world is so bad.

That anguish and want should appear,
With gaiety's mantle adorn'd;
That I language of softness should hear
From a wretch, whom humanity scorn'd.

That damsels with modest array,
And manners apparently good,
Should trip thro' the city all day—
But, at night, with fell infamy brood.

The rich meet the rich in the street,
And tho' vices hang thick round their heart,
Shake hands and most courteously greet—
But, with plots and contrivances part.

No hand wipes a tear from the eye
Of the widow and fatherleſs child;
But, politely, aſſiſtance deny,
And laugh to behold them beguil'd.

The good man, by *Poverty* led,
Thro' the city muſt wander alone;
With the offals of grandeur be fed,
And to wretchedneſs open his moan.

The worldlings have virtue forſook;
To ſelf are their bounties confin'd;
While thoſe, who take pride in the crook,
Are patrons and friends to mankind.

O! Nature thy works I adore;
The path thou'ſt deſign'd us to tread,
Is ſtock'd with the richeſt of lore,
With the faireſt of roſes beſpread.

Our wants are both ſimple and few,
Where virtue and modeſty reign;
But the phantoms of bliſs we purſue,
And the counſels of wiſdom diſdain.

Let ME wander my cottage around,
Taſte the fruits of my labour and care;
With health, peace and friendſhip abound—
And I ſhall not of pleaſure deſpair.

P. QUINCE.

A NEGRO SONG.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell faſt;
The white man yielded to the blaſt;
He ſat him down, beneath our tree,
For weary, ſad and faint was he;
And ah, no wife, or mother's care,
For him the corn, or milk prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man ſhall our pity ſhare;
Alas, no wife, or mother's care
For him the corn, or milk prepare.

The ſtorm is o'er, the tempeſt paſt;
And mercy's voice has huſh'd the blaſt:
The wind is heard in whiſpers low;
The white man far away muſt go;—
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man go;—but with thee bear
The Negro's wiſh, the Negro's prayer;
Remembrance of the Negro's care

MATERNAL FONDNESS.

[*From Dr. DARWIN's Botanic Garden.*]

"SO when the Mother, bending o'er his charms,
Claſps her fair nurſeling in delighted arms;
Throws the thin kerchief from her neck of ſnow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below;
With ſparkling eye the blameleſs Plunderer owns
Her ſoft embraces, and endearing tones,
Seeks the ſalubrious fount with opening lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and ſmiles, and ſips.

"*Connubial Fair!* whom no fond tranſport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bleſs'd in vain with tumid boſoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;
The ſoothing kiſs and milky rill deny,
To the ſweet pouting lip, and gliſtening eye!—
Ah! what avails the cradle's damaſk roof,
The eider bolſter, and embroider'd woof!—
Oft hears the gilded couch unpity'd plains,
And many a tear the taſſel'd cuſhion ſtains!
No voice ſo ſweet attunes his cares to reſt,
So ſoft no pillow as his Mother's breaſt!—
—Thus charm'd to ſweet repoſe, when twilight hours
Shed their ſoft influence on celeſtial bowers,
The Cherub, Innocence, with ſmile divine
Shuts his white wings, and ſleeps on Beauty's ſhrine.

WOMAN's HARD FATE. *By a Lady.*

HOW wretched is poor woman's fate!
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in every ſtate,
How can ſhe then be free from woes?

In youth, a father's ſtern command,
And jealous eyes, controul her will;
A lordly brother watchful ſtands,
To keep her cloſer captive ſtill.

The tyrant huſband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more a lover's form he wears:
Her ſlave's become her ſov'reign now.

If from this fatal bondage free,
And not by marriage chains confin'd,
If, bleſt with ſingle life, ſhe ſee
A parent fond, a brother kind—

Yet love uſurps her tender breaſt,
And paints a phenix to her eyes:
Some darling youth diſturbs her reſt;
And painful ſighs in ſecret riſe.

Oh cruel pow'rs, ſince you've deſigned,
That man, vain man, ſhould bear the ſway,
To ſlaviſh chains and ſlaviſh mind,
That I may thus your will obey,

THE SIGH.

GENTLE air! thou breath of lovers!
Vapor from a ſecret fire,
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers
E're yet daring to aſpire.

Softeſt note of whiſper'd anguiſh!
Harmony's refined part;
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the liſt'ner's heart.

Softeſt meſſenger of paſſion!
Stealing through a croud of ſpies,
Which conſtraint the outward faſhion,
Cloſe the lips and guard the eyes.

Shapeleſs SIGH! we ne'er can ſhew thee,
Form'd but to aſſault the ear;
Yet, e'er to their coſt they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee here.

ANACREON.

ODE 40—IMITATED.

ONCE a Bee, unſeen while ſleeping,
Touch'd by *Love*, from roſe buds creeping,
Stung the Boy, who blood eſpying
On his finger, fell a-crying:
Then both feet and pinions ſtraining
Flew to *Venus*, thus complaining.

"Oh! mamma, mamma, I'm dying,
Me a little dragon ſpying,
Which the ploughman-tribe, ſo ſtupid,
Call a bee, has bit your Cupid."

"Ah! quoth Venus, ſmiling ſhrewdly,
If a bee can wound ſo rudely,
Cupid, think how ſharp the ſorrows,
Caus'd by thy envenom'd arrows.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, MAY 14.

ON the 12th inſt. an Expreſs from Conſtantinople, bro't the Turkiſh Ambaſſador here the unexpected intelligence of the war having recommenced in Egypt. The departure of the French having met with many difficulties, the Capt. Pacha not arriving at Alexandria with his fleet from Conſtantinople, and many of the French having been maſſacreed in Egypt, Gen. Kleber unexpectedly attacked and totally defeated the army of the Grand Vizier, on the 17th and 18th of March, at the moment when he was preparing for his ſolemn entry into Cairo, with 20,000 men. The bloodſhed was terrible, particularly among the Turkiſh infantry, very few of whom eſcaped; the cavalry were leſs unfortunate, having effected their eſcape by ſteering to the Camp of Oſman Pacha, the Kiaga or Lieutenant of the Grand Vizier, who ſoon afterwards marched to Cairo, with a ſtrong body of troops, where he maſſacreed ſeveral thouſand French, among whom were their learned men, and Members of the National Inſtitute. Theſe accounts were communicated by the Turkiſh Ambaſſador to the Foreign Miniſters. It is added, that Murad Bey had attacked and put to the ſword a diviſion of the French Army, which had marched from Cairo for Alexandria, to embark for France, previous to the attack made by Gen. Kleber on the army of the Grand Vizier, and to which he had been particularly inſtigated by that circumſtance.

HALIFAX, JULY 17.

We have ſtopped the preſs to mention the arrival of the Earl of Leiceſter Packet, from Falmouth in 25 days. We have papers by her to the 10th ult. Genoa ſtill held out. The French Army having croſſed the Alps had reached the plains of Piedmont on the 18th May. General Melas had advanced with the main body of his army to Turin, and it was expected that a general engagement would take place in a few days which would decide the fate of Italy. The Auſtrian Army under Gen. Kray, had retired behind the Danube, after leaving a garriſon in Ulm, and Gen. Moreau did not diſcover a diſpoſition to advance further into Germany, but was detaching a part of his army to Italy. The renewal of hoſtilities in Egypt is confirmed by official advice received by Government. A report prevailed that the French fleet was at ſea, and the report was confirmed by an American veſſel which the Earl of Leiceſter fell in with, the maſter of which reported that he had fallen in with a Venetian, which came through them. If this intelligence is true we have no doubt but our brave tars

will ſoon give a good account of them. The treaty between France and America, was progreſſing faſt, and it was expected would in a very ſhort time be finally concluded.

LONDON, JUNE 10.

The Hamburgh mail, which arrived in courſe yeſterday, has not brought intelligence of any peculiar intereſt. The accounts from the theatre of war in Germany are two days later than thoſe received from Col. Clinton, and publiſhed in the Gazette of Saturday evening.

All our remarks with reſpect to the real deſign of Gen. Moreau are fully confirmed. He does not intend to penetrate further into Germany, but is ſtretching his line to the Tyrol and Voralberg, for the purpoſe of favouring the operations of the French army of Reſerve, to which he had already diſpatched, by the way of Mount St. Gothard a corps of 25,000 men.

Gen. Melas, as we had previouſly obſerved, appears to have had early information of the progreſs of Generals Berthier and Bonaparte. He was to proceed to Turin on the 14th of laſt month in conſiderable force, and having effected a junction with the Auſtrian cavalry near that place it was expected that he would immediately proſecute offenſive operations againſt the enemy in Piedmont.

Maſſena ſtill makes a gallant defence in Genoa, and the hopes of the ſpeedy reduction of that important city become every dav leſs ſanguine, more particularly as the French have received large ſupplies of proviſions by ſea.

The death of Suwarrow has at length been officially announced to our Government. It happened on the 18th of May at Peterſburgh.

The Ruſſian Ambaſſador at Vienna has been recalled. The affairs of the Imperial Court are in future to be conducted by a Charge des Affairs, the ſame as in this country. The Emperor Paul is ſaid to be negotiating a peace with the French Republic, through the medium of the Court of Berlin

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE report of Jefferſon's death turns out a Virginia bore, intended to call the Infidel to recollection on the anniverſary of Independence ; and to furniſh Jacobin dolts with ingredients for toaſts.

JULY 9.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Yeſterday the Preſident of the United States honored this town by a viſit. At an early hour he was met on the iſthmus by the Marſhal of the diſtrict, and a re-

ſpectable cavalcade of citizens.—From want of time to give notice of the hour to aſſemble, many who were prepared to honor themſelves by this teſtimony of reſpect were diſappointed; the number, notwithſtanding, was large, and continued augmenting until the Preſident alighted at the Commonwealth houſe, the reſidence of his Excellency Governor Strong. When entering the town the Preſident was welcomed by a diſcharge of artillery, from a detachment of Capt. Johonnot's company, commanded by Lieut. Cobb, and by ringing of the bells.

SCHOOLS VISITATION.

Yeſterday being the anniverſary of the viſitation Public Schools, the Selectmen and School Committee invited the Preſident of the United States, his Excellency the Governor, and a large number of other dignified and literary characters to honour the excellent inſtitution of our pious and patriotic anceſtors with their countenance and preſence. The ſchool houſes were filled with pupils; and the auditors were highly pleaſed with the various ſpecimens of proficiency exhibited. The company after attending this honorable and beneficial ſcene, partook of a ſumptuous entertainment at Fanuiel Hall.

By letters from Count Rumford, 10th April, we learn that the Royal Inſtitution in London, is now nearly completed; "Our houſe (he ſays) was opened and our public Lectures commenced on the 10th of laſt month, and the number of our ſubſcribers now amounts to 938; among which are 265 who have paid 50 guineas each. Our proſpectus, charter, and ordinances, bye laws and regulations are now printing—the firſt number of our journals was printed a few days ago—by theſe publications, which I ſhall ſend you, the nature of our Inſtitution may be learnt, and its tendency diſtinctly perceived. The plan of the Inſtitution has met with general approbation in every part of Europe. If it ſhould not be copied in America, I ſhall be greatly and ſorely diſappointed."

INDEPENDENCE.

The Fourth of July was celebrated through the country with its accuſtomed fervor and hilarity.

In this town an Oration was delivered by Joſeph Hall, Eſq. In Roxbury, by Luther Richardſon, A. B. *See the oration in this magazine.*

The Anniverſary of Independence was commemorated at Gen. Knox's reſidence, at Thomas-town. The General's Lady gave an elegant repaſt and ball; and with dignified affability, mixed with the ruſtic ſettlers, diſpenſing pleaſure, and promoting the happineſs of her gueſts.

COW POX.

We hear that Dr. Waterhouſe has received the matter of the cow pox from Englaud, and that the innoculation has ſucceeded in one of his children. Upwards of 30,000 perſons of all ages have paſſed through this diſeaſe.

COMMENCEMENT.

ON Wednesday, July 16, the Anniverſary Commencement was held at the Univerſity in Cambridge. The Exerciſes were honored with the preſence of the Preſident of the United States, and their excellencies Governor's Strong and Trumbull (of Connecticut) who were eſcorted from this town by the Norfolk troop of horſe, commanded by Capt. Davis.—After the uſual introductory buſineſs was tranſacted, the Preſident, Profeſſors, and government, with the diſtinguiſhed viſitants, moved in proceſſion, eſcorted by the Candidates for the Bachelor Degree, to the Meeting-houſe. The Exerciſes were preceded by a fervent prayer by the Preſident of the Univerſity.—Then ſucceeded the following:—

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin—"*Comprehending a Diſſertation on the Progreſs and Improvement of the eighteenth Century.*" By Benj. Marſton Watſon.—2. A Forenſic Diſputation upon this queſtion—"*Whether difference of complexion ariſe from difference of climate?*" By Timothy Boutell and Samuel Swett.—3. "*Diſtinction*"—An Engliſh Poem. By John Knapp.—4. An Engliſh Conference upon—"*The influence of Fiction, Precept, and Example in forming the moral Character of man.*" By William Gray, John Tudor, and Benjamin Welles.—5. A Hebrew Oration. By Samuel Veazie.—6. An Engliſh Conference upon—"*The natural advantages of* Aſia, Africa, Europe and America." By Daniel Kimball, Benoni Perham, Aaron Putnam and Richard Sanger.—7. An Engliſh Oration upon—"*Literary National Characters.*" By Joſeph Stevens Buckminſter.—8. A Greek Dialogue upon—"*The Excellency of the Greek Language.*" By Timothy Flint, Abiel Holbrook, and Lemuel Shaw.—9. Forenſic Diſputation upon this queſtion—"*Whether the right of Suffrage depend in any degree on the poſſeſſion of Property.*" By William Pillſbury and Abner Rogers.—10. An Engliſh Poem upon—"*Energy of Character.*" By Waſhingſton Allſton.—11. An Engliſh Conference upon—"*The Characters of* Epaminondas, Fabius, Alfred *and* Waſhington." By David Greene, Leonard Jarvis, Charles Lowell, and James Morſe.—12. An Engliſh Oration upon—"*The Progreſs of Refinement.*" By Joſhua Bates.

Exerciſes in the Claſs of Candidates for the Degree of Maſter of Arts.

1. An Engliſh Oration upon—"*National Honor.*" By Mr. James Richardſon.—2. A valedictory Oration in Latin. By Mr. William Jenks.

The following young Gentlemen were admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, viz.

Humphrey Moore, Waſhington Allſton, Loammi Baldwin, Joſhua Bates, Horatio Bean, Timothy Boutell, Joſeph Stevens Buckminſter, John Dwight, Timothy Flint, Andrew Foſter, Samuel Deane Freeman, William Gray, David Greene, Abiel Holbrook, Rufus Hoſmer, Leonard Jarvis, James Jewett, Daniel Kimball, John Knapp, Iſaac Lincoln, George Little, Charles

Lowell, Jacob Main, Elias Mann, James Morſe, Iſrael Munroe, Moody Noyes, Benoni Perham, William Pillſbury, John Prince, Aaron Hall Putnam, Abner Rogers, Moſes Lanford, Richard Sanger, William Sawyer, Abraham Scales, Lemuel Shaw, George Meſerve Sheafe. Manaſſah Smith, Samuel Swett, John Henry Tudor, Samuel Veazie, John Wadſworth, Eben. Tucker Warren, Benjamin Marſton Watſon, Samuel Weed, Benjamin Welles, Adam Winthrop.

The following Gentlemen were admitted to the Degree of Maſter of Arts, viz.

Daniel Abbot, Moſes Adams, Horatio Binney, Nathaniel Bond, Samuel Brown, Thomas Cary, Eliſha Clapp, Samuel Farrar, Henry Gardner, Lewis Gould, Daniel Howard, Joſeph Hurd, William Jenks, Jabez Kimball, Samuel Abbot Kneeland, Samuel Manning, Roſewell Meſſinger, Jeroboam Parker, William Pickering, James Richardſon, Thomas Oliver Selfridge, Iſacher Snell, Aſahel Stearns, Daniel Stone, Joſeph Tilton, John Collins Warren, William Wetmore, Jonathan Whitaker, Daniel Appleton White, John Shirley Williams.

OUT OF COURSE.

Guſtavus Baylies, A. B. 1784, Samuel Wragg, A. B. 1790, Joſiah Bartlett, Joſiah Sturges, and Daniel Woods, A. B. 1795.

The following Gentlemen were admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Phyſic, viz.

Nathaniel Bradſtreet, Samuel Hunt, Samuel Manning, John Hoſmer.

Honorary Doctorates were conferred on the following gentlemen, viz.

On the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, Preſident of Williams' College, Rev. Phillips Payſon, of Chelſea, and Rev. Henry Cumings, of Billerica, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

On Mr. Benjamin Maſon, Phyſician, at Newport, the Degree of Doctor of Phyſic.

On John Nichols, eſq. member of the Britiſh Parliment, the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

On Thurſday, July 17th. the Phi Beta Kappa Society held its anniverſary election of officers, at Cambridge. On this occaſion an Oration, on the events and character of the Eighteenth Century, was pronounced at the College Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Abbot of Haverhill, and a Poem on "*Harmony*," ſpoken by Mr. James Richardſon.—They both were emanations from the torch of genius, lit at the altars of Science and Federaliſm.—But the former had the advantage of the latter; for the Orator had taken pains to acquire an intire control of his production; while the Poet, with characteriſtic careleſſneſs ſeemed to ſuppoſe it uneſſential to commit his lines to memory; that rich imagery, and refined compoſition needed no aid from emphaſis and pronounciation; and that Shakeſpeare knew nothing of oratory, when he ſaid that, "the action ſhould be ſuited to the word, and the word to the action."

MARRIAGES.

IN this town, Capt. Thomas Hinckly, to Miſs Elizabeth Baſs. Mr. Benjamin Fuller, mer. to Miſs Maria Beale. Mr. John Bagnes, mer. to Miſs Mary Hall. Mr. Benjamin Owen to Miſs Hepzibath Callender. Mr. Samuel Smith Newell to Miſs Sarah Ann King. Mr. Joſeph Robbins, to Miſs Joanna Carnes Laſh.

At Salem, Mr. Jacob Kimball to Miſs Sally Hobbs. Mr. Geo. Smith jun. to Miſs Sukey Cook.

At Concord, Mr. Oliver Brewſter, of Boſton, mer. to Miſs Mary Jones.

At Portſmouth, Hon. James Sheafe, eſq. to Miſs Sally Fiſher.

At Scituate, Mr. Bela Cuſhing to Miſs Polly Cuſhing.

At Glouceſter, Capt. Solomon Allen to Miſs Nabby Flowers

DEATHS.

IN this town, Mrs. Suſanna Sumner, widow of the late Benjamin Sumner, aged 32. Mrs. Mary Howe, wife of Mr. Howe, jun. aged 38. Capt. Jonathan Hall, aged 32. Mrs. Sarah Peaſe. wife of Mr. Timothy Peaſe ſen. aged 65. A. Mercier Eſq. of Guadaloupe. Dr. Francis Bartody, aged 64.

At Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Millett. Mrs. Lydia Woodman, aged 79. Miſs Lydia Badbidge, aged 67.

At Brookline, Mrs. Abigail Pierce, wife of Rev. John Pierce, of that place, aged 25.

At Campbletown, John Hammond Eſq. of the wounds he received by the hands of an Aſſaſſin, a reward of 1000 Dollars, is offered for the detection of the murderer.

At New-York, Capt. Thomas Brown, ſhip Albermarle. Mr. Daniel Bonnet, aged 78.

At Mathuen, Mr. John White, aged 81.

Chelſea, Mrs. Sarah Hill, wife of Mr. John Hill, aged 27.

To READERS *and* CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to receive the favors of the American Muſe, from *Peter Quince*, eſq. The productions of this ingenious bard will always be gratefully received We hope that in ſome future day, the "genial ſunſhine of American patronage," will produce him a rich harveſt of merited applauſe, and amply reward his labors in his *Parnaſſian Shop*.

The "*New Theory of Liberty*," in COMMON SENSE &c. if generally received as true, may ſave the zealous apoſtles of modern liberty and equality, from their "perils by ſea, and perils by land," in the promulgation of their new-fangled doctrine.

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